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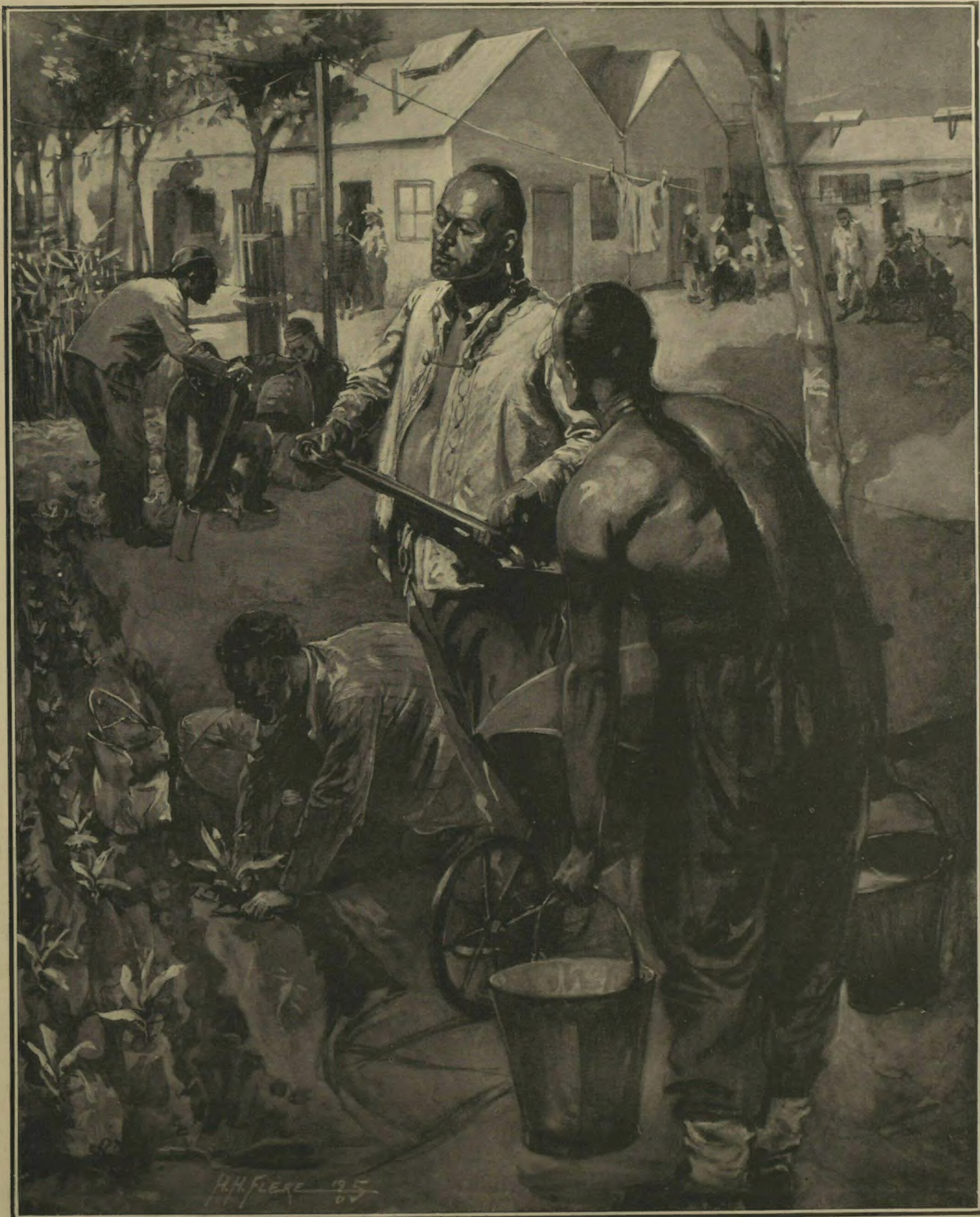
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SIXPENCE.

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THE COOLIE'S SPARE HOURS IN SOUTH AFRICA: HIS GARDEN.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLERE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Within the compound enclosure the Chinese coolies in South Africa are allowed to plant and cultivate gardens, and those who have visited them say that they are wonderfully clever in making the wilderness blossom.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

Most of us, of course, spend half our time in abusing journalism, especially those of us (like myself) who spend the other half in writing it. But when we pass from abusing a thing to reforming it, we commonly pass from an easier condition to a much stormier one, for there is nothing more united than opposition, and nothing more divided than reform. When two men unite against a third with hearty and unanimous enthusiasm, it is generally because one thinks he is too far to the left and the other that he is too far to the right. And so I fancy it would be if we all fell to work reforming journalism. I for one feel a dark and penetrating consciousness that the things I should alter in journalism would be quite different from the things that other people would alter; I fear I should hoard their off-scourings and throw away their pearls. For instance, most of the idealistic reformers of journalism cry out first and foremost against the things called "snippets"; that is, against short paragraphs, abrupt anecdotes, fragments of fact from the police court and the street. For my part, I feel snippets to be the one thoroughly honest and genuine and valuable and philosophic part of journalism. The part of journalism that I would feel attempted to suppress would be the serious part: the leading articles and the learned reviews and the authoritative and infallible communications from special foreign correspondents. Everyone seems to assume that the unscrupulous parts of newspaper-writing will be the frivolous or jocular parts. This is against all ethical experience. Jokes are generally honest. Complete solemnity is almost always dishonest. The writer of the snippet or cheap par, merely refers to a fugitive and frivolous fact in a fugitive and frivolous way. The writer of the leading article has to write about a fact that he has known for twenty minutes as if it were a fact that he has studied for twenty years. I do not in the least mind getting my jokes from the Marquis of Harmsworth (or whatever his name is to be); it is only the idea of getting my views from him that seems like carrying the joke too far. I do not in the least object to the Yellow Press when it is irresponsible. It is when it is responsible that I draw the line at it.

I often find little slangy paragraphs in the daily papers which are full of philosophy. They balance and correct the levity of the leading articles. The solemn palace of compromise and hypocrisy will often be smashed to pieces by some little pebble that the penny-liner has picked up only because it was a curiosity. Suppose, let us say, that some elaborate editorial begins like this, as it easily may: "We do not wish for a moment to minimise the sufferings caused by the lack of regular employment." Well, we know by the very tone of the thing that this is a lie. We know that the writer *does* wish to minimise the sufferings, etc., if he possibly can. But if we look at some other column or at some other paper, our eyes may encounter, let us say, some such title as, "Tried to Eat his Boots." We find it is a record of some lunatic who gnawed his own shoe-leather in his hunger. It is only one case, and a wild one; but it does just manage to take us into a more actual atmosphere. We do realise what hunger is: we realise that hunger is not a thing that can be "minimised"; we realise that it is not a thing that can be exaggerated. Or to take some lighter example, a leader-writer may say, after some unimportant bye-election (the thing is true of all or any parties), "Without any disposition to deny the outward fact of Mr. Simkin's defeat, we may yet point out that in the present fluctuating state of the seat it amounts to a moral victory." But if we read elsewhere a paragraph headed, "Said He was Coals," and if (attracted by the mystery of that elliptical description) we read it and find that it is an account of how the defeated candidate could only escape from the fury of the populace by being carried in a coal-sack on the back of a coal-heaver—then I think we may say that we realise a certain emphatic quality in the political incident which the political article did not give to us. We realise that the victory, however moral, could hardly be said to be on the side of the gentleman in the sack. I earnestly adjure the Seeker After Truth (if he still survives) to leave the earnest and elaborate parts of the newspapers and join me in poring over the snippy paragraphs. They are not tainted with any of the evil and idle modern philosophies; they are not chosen because they are instructive, and therefore they are instructive. They are mentioned simply and solely because they are odd facts; but it is something that they are facts at all, for this is more than can be said for any of the alleged facts which are introduced in order to prove this or that political or moral or social conception. Men state their exceptional facts; they alter their typical ones.

Let me take an example: I saw in a newspaper paragraph the other day the following entertaining and deeply philosophical incident. A man was enlisting as a

soldier at Portsmouth, and some form was put before him to be filled up, common, I suppose, to all such cases, in which was, among other things, an inquiry about what was his religion. With an equal and ceremonial gravity the man wrote down the word "Methuselahite." Whoever looks over such papers must, I should imagine, have seen some rum religions in his time; unless the Army is going to the dogs. But with all his specialist knowledge he could not "place" Methuselahism among what Bossuet called the variations of Protestantism. He felt a fervid curiosity about the tenets and tendencies of the sect; and he asked the soldier what it meant. The soldier replied that it was his religion "to live as long as he could."

Now, considered as an incident in the religious history of Europe, that answer of that soldier was worth more than a hundred cartloads of quarterly and monthly and weekly and daily papers discussing religious problems and religious books. Every day the daily paper reviews some new philosopher who has some new religion; and there is not in the whole two thousand words of the whole two columns one word as witty or as wise as that word "Methuselahite." The whole meaning of literature is simply to cut a long story short; that is why our modern books of philosophy are never literature. That soldier had in him the very soul of literature; he was one of the great phrase-makers of modern thought, like Victor Hugo or Disraeli. He found one word that defines the paganism of to-day.

Henceforward, when the modern philosophers come to me with their new religions (and there is always a kind of queue of them waiting all the way down the street) I shall anticipate their circumlocutions and be able to cut them short with a single inspired word. One of them will begin, "The New Religion, which is based upon that Primordial Energy in Nature..." "Methuselahite," I shall say sharply; "good morning." "Human Life," another will say, "Human Life, the only ultimate sanctity, freed from creed and dogma..." "Methuselahite!" I shall yell. "Out you go!" "My religion is the Religion of Joy," a third will explain (a bald old man with a cough and tinted glasses), the Religion of Physical Pride and Rapture, and my... "Methuselahite!" I shall cry again, and I shall slap him boisterously on the back, and he will fall down. Then a pale young poet with serpentine hair will come and say to me (as one did only the other day): "Moods and impressions are the only realities, and these are constantly and wholly changing. I could hardly therefore define my religion..." "I can," I should say, somewhat sternly. "Your religion is to live a long time; and if you stop here a moment longer you won't fulfil it."

A new philosophy generally means in practice the praise of some old vice. We have had the sophist who defends cruelty, and calls it masculinity. We have had the sophist who defends profligacy, and calls it the liberty of the emotions. We have had the sophist who defends idleness, and calls it art. It will almost certainly happen—it can almost certainly be prophesied—that in this saturnalia of sophistry there will at some time or other arise a sophist who desires to idealise cowardice. And when we are once in this unhealthy world of mere wild words, what a vast deal there would be to say for cowardice! "Is not life a lovely thing and worth saving?" the soldier would say as he ran away. "Should I not prolong the exquisite miracle of consciousness?" the householder would say as he hid under the table. "As long as there are roses and lilies on the earth shall I not remain there?" would come the voice of the citizen from under the bed. It would be quite as easy to defend the coward as a kind of poet and mystic as it has been, in many recent books, to defend the emotionalist as a kind of poet and mystic, or the tyrant as a kind of poet and mystic. When that last grand sophistry and morbidity is preached in a book or on a platform, you may depend upon it there will be a great stir in its favour, that is, a great stir among the little people who live among books and platforms. There will be a new great Religion, the Religion of Methuselahism: with pomps and priests and altars. Its devout crusaders will vow themselves in thousands with a great vow to live long. But there is one comfort: they won't.

For, indeed, the weakness of this worship of mere natural life (which is a common enough creed to-day) is that it ignores the paradox of courage and fails in its own aim. As a matter of fact, no men would be killed quicker than the Methuselahites. The paradox of courage is that a man must be a little careless of his life even in order to keep it. And in the very case I have quoted we may see an example of how little the theory of Methuselahism really inspires our best life. For there is one riddle in that case which cannot easily be cleared up. If it was the man's religion to live as long as he could, why on earth was he enlisting as a soldier?

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SPRING CHICKEN," AT THE GAIETY.

That merry and deservedly popular musical comedy, "The Spring Chicken," has already decked itself out in holiday guise for the approaching Christmas season; in other words, Mr. George Edwardes proceeded last week to make a good entertainment even better, and presented a revised edition of this happy adaptation from the French. New costumes, new songs, new fun, new dances have been added, while all the most approved features of the old version have been faithfully retained. An amusing ditty about Regent Street, committed to that delightful exponent of Cockney idiosyncrasy, Miss Connie Ediss, a dainty little *pas-sent* at the end of a song "Yes or No," danced with peculiar grace by sprightly Miss Gertie Millar, and a gay French chansonette delivered piquantly by a new comer, Miss Marion Winchester—these and a very lively sestet are the most taking numbers of the new edition. But, after all, the old songs are the best, and neither Mr. Caryl nor Mr. Monckton has improved on "Oh, so gently!" or the "Blonde and Brunette" march. As for fun, both Mr. George Grossmith as the irrepressible young husband, and Mr. Edmund Payne as the would-be faithless paterfamilias of middle age, are extremely diverting in their different manners, and never allow the piece to suffer from a single dull moment.

THE "INTERLUDE OF YOUTH," AT BLOOMSBURY HALL.

It is no doubt the success of "Everyman" that has prompted the English Drama Society's unearthing of yet another morality play from the archives of the British Museum, and it would seem almost certain that the unknown author of this "Interlude of Youth," the date of which is 1554, had the more antique "Everyman" before him as a model, so similar are their allegorical schemes. The very simple action of the "Interlude" shows Youth confronted with warring influences—Riot, Pride, and Luxury on the one hand, and Charity and Humility on the other—and being at last persuaded by the conquering good forces to do penance at the Church's altar. The idea, it will be seen, is almost identical with that of the older morality; still, the younger play was fully worthy reviving, if only for its quaintly mediæval and impressive language. The rendering of the piece, which a company of enthusiasts, who prefer to remain anonymous, furnished at a series of performances last week in Bloomsbury Hall, was full of reverential spirit—indeed, it was accompanied by quite an elaborate but very acceptable amount of ritual—and Mr. Nugent Monck and his associates may be congratulated on having secured as well just that fine diction which alone is needed in the playhouse to make such a work of art as this "Interlude of Youth" arrest the imagination and grip the emotions.

MUSIC.

As one distinguished conductor succeeds to another when the London Symphony Orchestra comes to the Queen's Hall, there are always at least two matters for congratulation. First, there is the delight born of some new reading of a great composer. Last week, for example, Fritz Steinbach interpreted the third Brandenburg Concerto of Bach in manner that must have been a revelation to those who believe that the man "to whom music owes almost as great a debt as a religion owes to its founder," wrote work that is as unemotional as mathematics. The new reading was justified; the audience must have felt that Bach stood before them in a fresh light, and that his music has a modern aspect. Herr Steinbach is well known to the musical world as one of the first interpreters of Brahms, a musician who perhaps stood badly in need of such fine service as Herr Steinbach rendered when the Saxo-Meiningen orchestra came to London some few years ago, and he stands to-day among the great masters of music. While the orchestra was playing his second Symphony it was hard to understand why Brahms had to wait so long for recognition.

The other pleasing feature of the London Symphony Concerts is the wonderful plasticity of the orchestra. It can be all things to all conductors. Such a response as it makes to musicians of most diverse temperament would suggest a marvellous combination of technical accomplishment and musical agnosticism. If the players had settled convictions, they would be as hard to conduct as a four-in-hand is to drive, but while they can play any music, they cheerfully entrust the choice of the programme they must fulfil and the manner of its presentation to the conductor. As long as he has complete confidence and knowledge, and a temperament that is magnetic, they will respond as surely as the violin-strings answer the right hand of the skilled player. It is more than likely that the great orchestras of Berlin, Paris, and Vienna could not delight so many conductors' hearts by the same brilliant rendering of many masters' music. On the Continent, players have their own beliefs firmly fixed, and if a conductor's convention in the interpretation of a masterpiece should vary, so much the worse for him. Small wonder that all conductors, the purely intellectual and the intelligently emotional alike, are delighted to entrust their renderings of great music to the London Symphony players.

Students' orchestral concerts are seldom quite convincing. The orchestra must needs be heavily reinforced by professional players, for you cannot trust the double bass, the trombone, or any part of the wood-wind to students without misgivings. Taking all the limitations into consideration, the playing of the Guildhall School scholars at the City of London School last week was satisfactory, even if it was not exactly inspired, and an item of the programme at once interesting and full of promise was Miss Gertrude Meller's playing of the Rubinstein pianoforte concerto in D minor. This clever young pupil of Mr. Francesco Berger showed a delicate appreciation of the work, and a measure of intimacy with its deeper significance that is seldom to be noticed at a

students' concert. Miss E. M. Colton was heard to advantage in a scene from Gluck's "Alceste," and the orchestra played overtures by Gounod and Goetz.

In a collection of new songs written in the simplest keys and quite without difficult modulations, a book entitled "Lays for Little Ones" (Ricordi and Co.) claims attention. The volume is made specially attractive by the effective arrangement of words and music, and the clever illustrations contributed by Mr. Dudley Hardy. While the utmost simplicity is sought for and obtained in words and music, there is sufficient humour in the one and lilt in the other to make the book attractive to the little ones for whom it was produced.

At the Concertgoers' Club on Saturday night last Mr. Kalisch read an interesting paper upon the operatic works of Dr. Richard Strauss, including "Salomé," the opera produced at Dresden a week before. We hope to deal with the paper and the opinions it evoked next week. The size of the audience and the attention given to the speaker testified to the great interest London is taking in the composer of the "Sinfonia Domestica."

ART NOTES.

Mr. Conder and M. Blanche are companions of the brush at the Leicester Galleries, where most good things in paint must be sought nowadays. A new phase in Mr. Conder's work is marked by this exhibition, the last year having worked a change that has banished more of his extreme delicacy than we care to miss. Having of late worked much in oils, Mr. Conder has sought some of the forcibleness that belongs to that medium. He has temporarily forsaken the loves of yesterday, and forgotten the tender, to wanton with a more robust, inspiration. In place of pearly flesh and amethyst sea, we find the contrasts of black stocking, white petticoat, and green grass. His lady of no le languor is no longer in favour; she must now romp and be brisk.

To those, however, who seek for the old rare beauty of repose in Mr. Conder's work there are luckily some exquisite replies in this collection. The spirit of peace pervades "L'Heure Exquise" and "The Terrace Garden." But peace, or the mood that seeks silences and still passages of colour, is often sad; and the sadness of Mr. Conder's most beautiful work is the note of realism struck amid the scenes of his imagination. It is the quality also of a poem by Verlaine. Both this poet and this painter can invest a frolic scene with an infinite pathos. Does either take a jester, or a filled cleric of the eighteenth century, or a lady with a fan, and set them in verse or picture, he sets about them the sanctity of sadness, and these would-be revellers seem to pause a moment in the presence of poet and painter to admit of pathos's possibility. Or maybe it is that the personages of the picture and the poem are all unconscious of "grief's assured surprise," and that we are touched merely by the peculiar flavour of the beauty of these men's work.

Still, peacefulness and its mysterious undertones are gone for the moment from the bulk of Mr. Conder's works. He who has exquisitely painted evening and the Adriatic, and found even Brighton's sea strangely and delicately beautiful, has now discovered certain aspects of daylight almost unlovely and garish, and certain romping actions in his models which are without charm. And these changes are due only to a change of manner and experiment in technique. It is enough to say, however, that the "Night and the Bathers" and "The Terrace Garden" are amongst the most lovely examples of painting that the last fifty years has to show.

Mr. John Baillie has found that to be pioneer in Bayswater is to endure something akin to exile, and he has removed his gallery to No. 54, Baker Street. Here his initial exhibition is of the works of the late Simeon Solomon, that artist who once loomed large on the horizon of fame, who was hailed by Burne-Jones and other men of serious admirations as a genius with imaginative powers that would stand foremost in the art of the time. With his ill-success in life came, alas! ill-success as an artist; for as one was crushed the other staggered; and in his last years his genius did not often emerge, even though he did large numbers of drawings. In the sixties, seventies, and even eighties of last century he did some noble work, though an almost inevitable disaster seems to be suggested in all his brush-strokes. To look back at the "Medusa Head," lent to Mr. Baillie's exhibition by Lord Battersea, is to realise that Simeon Solomon's mind had too keen a sense of horror, that his mind was prey to dreadful imaginings. Indeed, even in his most lovely drawings, such as Mr. Tucker's "Cupid, from Cupid and Psyche," or the Misses Pater's "Et Lux in Tenebris Lucet," the passion is of too passionate a quality to be of good assurance for the peace of the artist whose pencil makes the revelation of almost secret emotion.

Miss Winifred Russell Roberts's water-colours, which are collected under the title of "At Home and Abroad," at the Dowdeswell Galleries, show this lady to be always at home and never abroad with her brush. Nowhere does success succeed so well as in painting; for to it we owe that look of assurance which is so comfortable to the eye. And Miss Roberts has succeeded, sometimes more, sometimes less, in all her drawings. She has succeeded, too, in her frames, with the useful slip of black between the paper and the gilt; and she has succeeded in her travels, which have enabled her to take her stand in the midst of all manner of nice scenery, from Connemara to New Zealand, and from Battersea to Florence. In the Battersea drawings there is a little smoke and a little Whistler; while sunshine and heat are contrasts to these in the sketches of Malta and Nice. But of all we like best "Chobham Common, from Sunningdale Ridge"; here the drawing of the undulating landscape is fluently suggested. W. M.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR.

The Prince's chief halting places during the past week have been Delhi and Agra. At Delhi the Prince and Princess visited all the chief memorials of the Mutiny, and the famous buildings that remain to record the splendour of the Mogul Empire. Of the public ceremonies there is nothing to say, except that they resembled those that went before, and the same is true of the popular welcome. At Agra on Dec. 18 the Prince unveiled a statue of Queen Victoria, which he said would be an enduring monument of the sympathy which existed between the Queen-Empress and her Indian people. He trusted that the attachment between India and the ruling house would only grow stronger with time. The statue, which is by Mr. Brock, is flanked by allegorical figures of Truth and Justice.

FURTHER MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Royal Household appointments include, as Lord Chamberlain, the Right Hon. C. R. Spencer; as Vice-Chamberlain, Mr. Wentworth Beaumont; as Lords-in-Waiting, Earl Granville, the Earl of Granard, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Lord Acton, and Lord Denham; the Lord Steward is Lord Hawkesbury; the Treasurer, Sir Edward Strachey; the Comptroller, the Master of Elibank; and the Master of the Horse, the Earl of Sefton. Mr. J. A. Pease and Mr. Herbert Lewis have been made Junior Lords of the Treasury, and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice is Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office. Mr. George Lambert



Photo. Russell.

THE REV. DR. W. A. HOUSTON COLLISON,
COMPOSER OF "NOAH'S ARK."

is Civil Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. H. E. Kearley, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade; Mr. Walter Runciman, Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board; Mr. Thomas Lough, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, and Mr. Alexander Ure, K.C., Solicitor-General for Scotland. For the two remaining offices, the Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, no appointment has yet been made; but for the former, the Earl of Arran has been mentioned. Of these, Mr. Spencer and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice will sit in the House of Lords. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, the Marquis of Lansdowne's brother, sits for the

OUR PORTRAITS.

The gaiety of Parliament is about to suffer a partial eclipse, and the electors of Northampton must seek, and probably in vain, for a representative as witty, outspoken, and sensible as their retiring

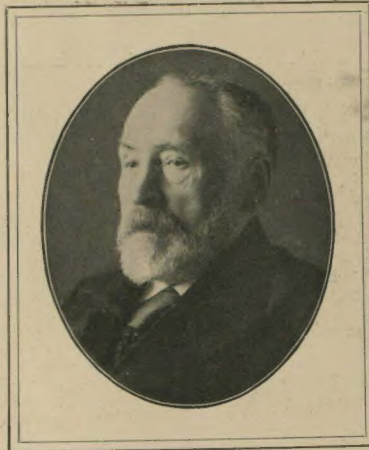


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE,
RETIRING FROM PARLIAMENT.

member, Mr. Labouchere. Many of his friends believed that a place would be found for the sturdy Radical in the new Liberal Cabinet, but that was not to be, and after a long public life and a record of excellent work, the Editor of *Truth* retires into private life with the advent of his seventy-fifth year. He has earned a period of rest. And yet it is safe to say that "Labby" will not cease from commenting upon the deeds good and ill of his colleagues, and that time will not diminish the strength of his attacks upon those of his Parliamentary colleagues from whom he is pleased to differ. Perhaps it is well that he did not take office. His charm lay in his independence; without that he would cease to compel attention. The House of Commons can ill spare Northampton's chosen, and with his retirement a certain measure of cleverness must pass from its debates.

The Rev. W. A. Collisson, assistant-priest at St. Saviour's, Walton Street, S.W., is the first clergyman who has written music for the London stage. Father Collisson is responsible for musical settings which will occur in "Noah's Ark," the new piece to be produced at the Waldorf on Dec. 30. The name by which Mr. Collisson is known as a composer is Houston Collisson. He is a Doctor of Music.

The Rev. William Charles Edmund Newbolt, who preached to the unemployed who invaded St. Paul's Cathedral last Sunday, was born sixty-one years ago in Somersetshire, and received his education at

than a dozen works of religious interest have been published with Canon Newbolt's name on the title-page. Of these we may mention, "Counsels of Faith and Practice" published in 1883, "The Fruit of the Spirit" 1888, "The Gospel of Experience" 1896, and "The Dial of Prayer" in 1900. Of late years, Canon Newbolt has been widely known and universally respected in his office of Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral.

TURKEY AND THE "POWERS."

Admiral von Ripper has been instructed to withdraw the International Fleet from Turkish waters. The little game of bluff between the Porte and the Powers has ended for the present, and it is hardly too much to suggest that Sultan Abdul Hamid II. rises up from the table a winner. He has given way in the truly Turkish fashion. The Powers may carry out their wishes with regard to the work of the financial representatives in the vilayets of Macedonia, but the Padishah makes a delicate suggestion that import duties for the whole Empire should be increased from eight to eleven per cent. beginning with the next financial year, and responds to the wishes of the "Powers" conditionally upon the maintenance intact of his sovereign rights in the three vilayets of European Turkey. In this way, honour—if the word be permitted in writing of Eastern Europe—is satisfied; the Powers are enabled to abandon their rather ridiculous attitude, and to withdraw the fleet that was willing to wound and yet afraid to strike; while the Sultan and his entourage will not fail to realise that they continue to hold the accursed Nazarene in a cleft stick. For it is at least unlikely that the Sultan expects, or that the Powers will grant the three per cent. increase in import duties; but should they fail to oblige him, the budgets of the three vilayets are safe to show a considerable deficit. Moreover, the Sultan is the best authority upon his own sovereign rights, and if he happens to think that the action of the European financial agent threatens them in any way, he has the old familiar remedy.

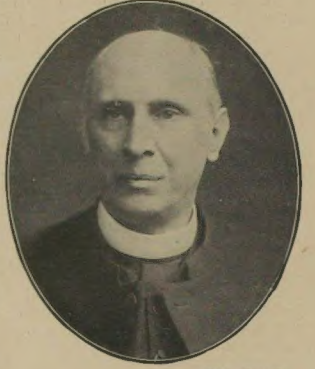


Photo. Russell.

CANON NEWBOLT,
WHO PREACHED TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

The "China for the Chinese" movement has already passed beyond the limits of a mere political agitation. On Dec. 18 a general strike began in Shanghai; and, as a result of a public meeting of



Photo. Park.

THE NEW BETH-HAMEDRASH, THE JEWISH LAW COURT IN LONDON.

The new Jewish Law Courts were opened on December 12 by Lord Rothschild. In these are held the sittings of the Dayan, the legal assessors to the Chief Rabbi. Besides ordinary disputes, questions of ceremonial law are settled in the Beth-hamedrash. The new buildings were designed by Messrs. Joseph and Smithers.

Cricklade Division of Wiltshire. His Ministerial appointment came to him just after his premature farewell to public life in the speech which betrayed his disappointment at being left out of the Cabinet. It is understood that Mr. John E. Ellis, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for India, is to be sworn of the Privy Council, in recognition of the work he has performed for several years as one of the temporary Chairmen of the House of Commons and one of the Chairmen of Grand Committees.

Uppingham and Pembroke College, Oxford. His first service to the Church came at Dymock between 1870 and 1877, and he left that place to spend a decade at Malvern Link, where he acted as Vicar, until the time of his appointment to the Theological College of Ely, where he remained three years as the Principal. Between 1894-5 he was the Oxford Select Preacher, and in 1895-6 Boyle Lecturer. He is a very sincere and well-read theologian. His pen was seldom idle after he had reached middle life, and since 1883 more



Photo. Gage.

THE MOST CURIOUS HOUSE IN LONDON.

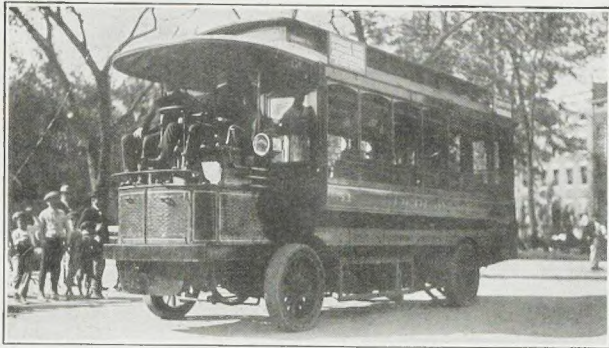
The house, which is in St. Pancras, stands eight feet below the level of the ground at the back of a paved court, and is decorated with busts and shields; strange plaques, and stranger heads. The shields are inscribed in Hebrew characters. Up both sides of the house runs a floriated design in relief, and the whole is surmounted by a stone lion. Americans know the place well.

the local guilds, there were serious street disturbances. The mob set fire to the municipal police station and released the prisoners. The Volunteers were called out, and landing-parties were sent out from three British ships. The British and American authorities telegraphed to their war-vessels on the Yang-tse to come to Shanghai. Several persons were killed during the street fighting. The Chinese officials, who are directly to blame for the outbreak, resorted to their usual tactics of expressing wonder and regret, and the

Taotai of Shanghai begged the landing-parties not to fire upon the people. He then passed through the streets and ordered the citizens to reopen their shops. At the same time he declared that he will persist in demanding the removal of the British Assessor. That the movement is anti-Western is perfectly plain from the fact that the Japanese in Shanghai have not been attacked. The

Empire is in a condition to which its early history affords no parallel; the forces that are making themselves felt are comparatively new, and the direct issue is one that no man can foresee. Among the few facts that stand out clear are the inability of the Government to cope with the disaster it has brought upon itself, the wavering allegiance of its own long-tried supporters, and the growth

accommodation for a large body of diplomats. This suggestion will hardly carry weight with those who know the city well. It has at least one magnificent hotel standing in private grounds, a building that would seem to have been erected for a Conference of the Powers; and should it be unable to accommodate all the envoys with their staffs, there is Gibraltar no more than



Photo, Lazarus & Co.

A PIONEER MOTOR-BUS IN NEW YORK.

It was not to be expected that New York was to be long behind London in adopting the self-driven omnibus, and one of these vehicles has just been placed on Fifth Avenue. It is generally believed that the horse-bus will before long entirely disappear.

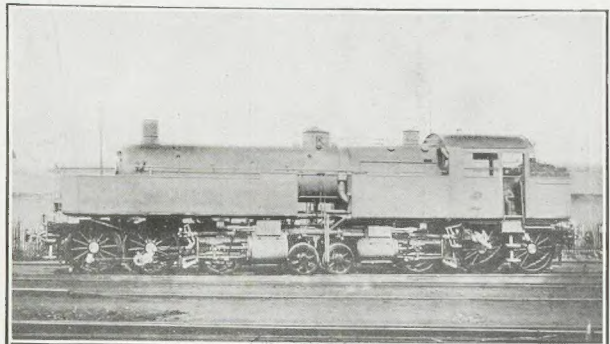
riots were prophesied some days ago by the Peking correspondent of the *Times*, who has once more proved his talent for the "intelligent anticipation" of events.

THE STATE OF RUSSIA.

If the partial resumption of the telegraph service has served to throw some little light upon the more recent developments of the revolutionary movement in Russia, it has at the same time emphasised the fact that the

of the spirit of mutiny in the Empire of the military and naval forces. Even the Cossacks, to whom bloodshed is as the breath of life, to whom rapine and outrage are as wages, are said to have refused to fire upon bodies of workmen who carried the red flag through the suburbs of St. Petersburg. The Baltic Provinces are in open revolt. The Moscow Grenadiers have mutinied, and the peasants are rising in the governments of the south. It is clear to most people that Count Witte, for all his gift of sterling statecraft, for all his liberal tendencies, and his genuine

half-an-hour's journey distant, where the lesser lights of the Conference could be housed in comfort quite easily. It is certain that the delays are giving rise in Paris to a feeling of considerable apprehension, but they are serving at least to unite various sections of the Opposition with the Government, in determination to go through the ordeal, whether at Algieras or Madrid, in a manner worthy of the country's great traditions. The appointment of Count Tattenbach to be one of the representatives of Germany has given considerable



Photo, Coleman.

A NOVELTY OF TRACTION: A UNIQUE FRENCH LOCOMOTIVE.

The engine, the first of its type ever built, has just been adopted by the Nord Railway for hauling heavy coal-trains. It weighs 100 tons, and can haul a train of 800 tons up a gradient of one in eighty. It has the speed of twelve miles an hour.



Photo, Walter.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY IN THE PARK, CHRISTIANIA.

The little Prince, who was born at Sandringham on July 2, 1903, was christened Alexander Edward Christian Frederick; but on his father's acceptance of the throne of Norway he was renamed Olaf. He was most affectionately welcomed by the Norwegians.



Photo, Lazarus & Co.

NEW YORK JEWS' SYMPATHY WITH THEIR RUSSIAN CO-RELIGIONISTS: PROCESSION COMMEMORATING VICTIMS OF THE RUSSIAN MASSACRES.

A hundred thousand New York Jews marched in procession through the streets of New York to commemorate their co-religionists who fell in the Russian massacres. The photograph was taken during the passing of the women's section of the demonstration. The procession carried banners with appropriate inscriptions, and its progress through the streets was watched by dense crowds. The ceremony is said to have been singularly impressive, and incidentally it made New York realise the vastness of her Hebrew population.



Photo, Coleman.

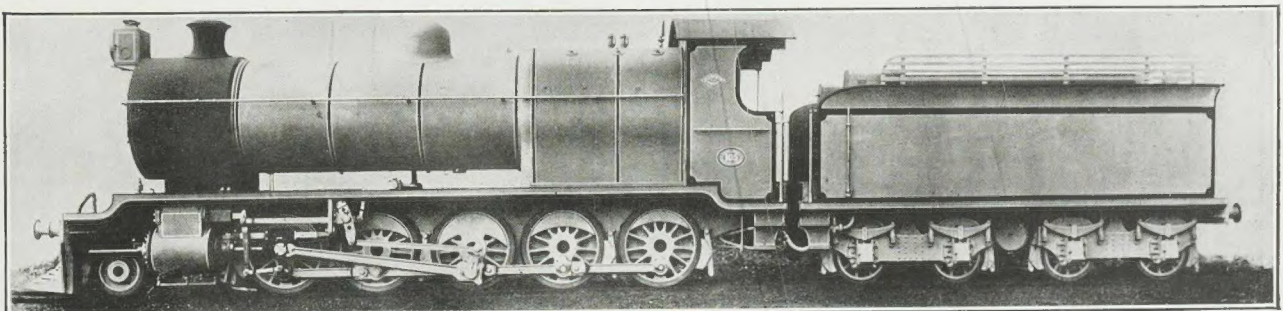
A BLIND SHORTHAND WRITER.

A shorthand-writing machine for the blind has been invented, by which the pupils of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, at Norwood, are quickly able to write ninety words a minute. There are seven keys to the machine, which embosses dots on paper tape. The shorthand system is very abbreviated Braille.

darkness it seeks to illumine, like that which fell upon the Egyptians in old time, is one that may be felt. We read of an Imperial Ukase authorising local authorities throughout the Empire to take prompt and effective measures against strikers, and warning the railwaymen

desire for reform, has taken office too late. Writing of Spain in the time of the Reformation, Macaulay said: "An undisciplined army, a rotting fleet, an empty treasury, were all that remained of that which had been so great." The words apply to Russia to-day.

displeasure to all who have been brought sufficiently into contact with him to know how little his diplomatic methods savour of diplomacy. The publication of the Yellow Book and the speech of M. Rouvier have made a great impression, and some fears have been expressed



Photo, Coleman.

THE RECORD BRITISH LOCOMOTIVE: THE "DECAPOD" JUST COMPLETED BY MESSRS. R. STEPHENSON AND CO., OF DARLINGTON.

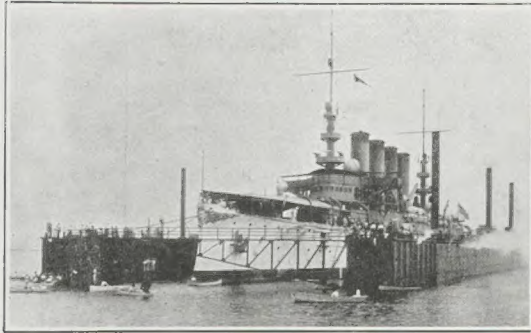
The engine is intended for hauling heavy freight-trains over mountain gradients on the Argentine Great Western Railway. Without the tender it weighs 70 tons to exwt.; that is, 6 tons to exwt. heavier than the ten-wheeled express engines of the Caledonian Railway, which are the heaviest railway engines in Great Britain. Some of the parts were so weighty as to exceed the British railway loading gauge, and in order to convey the engine from Darlington to the Mersey for shipment it was necessary to reserve two sets of rails for the entire distance of 150 miles.

that they may expect reprisals from the peasants. This latest effort of a forcible-feeble policy would suggest that the Government holds that it has something to gain from civil war; but it is perfectly impossible for anybody, whether on the spot or abroad, to deal with Russia's terrible illness in terms of diagnosis or prognosis. The

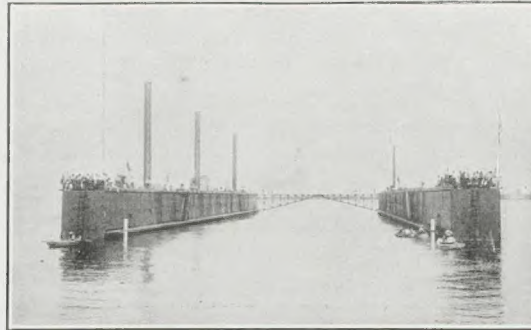
THE MOROCCO CONFERENCE. As we write it is rumoured that the Conference will not meet at Algieras after all, but will proceed to Madrid. This change of venue is set down in Paris to German intrigue, but is explained in other quarters as being due to the fact that Algieras has no adequate

in Paris lest the new British Cabinet should show any measure of hesitation in coming to the assistance of France, should such assistance be needed. At the same time we may remember that Sir Edward Grey enjoys considerable confidence in Europe as an upholder of the Rosebery tradition in foreign politics.

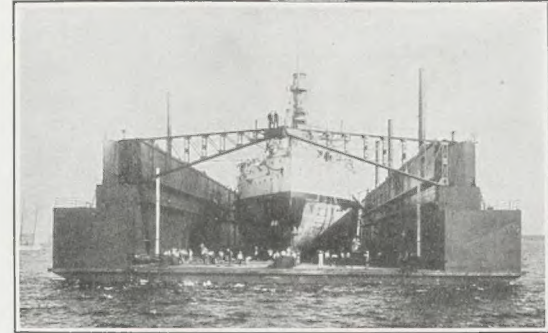
FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.



A WAR-VESSEL FLOATED INTO THE DOCK.



THE DOCK HALF SUBMERGED TO RECEIVE SHIPS.

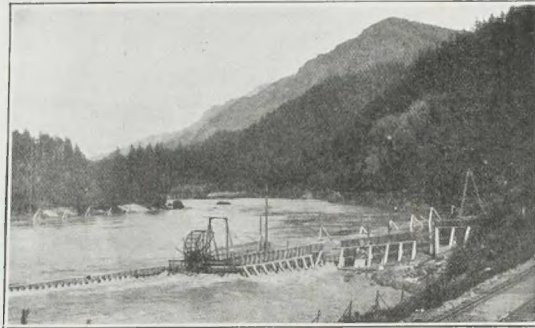


THE DOCK RAISED ABOVE THE WATER-LINE.

Photo: Fairbank.

THE LARGEST FLOATING DOCK IN THE WORLD, JUST BUILT IN AMERICA FOR THE PHILIPPINES, AND CALLED AFTER ADMIRAL DEWEY.

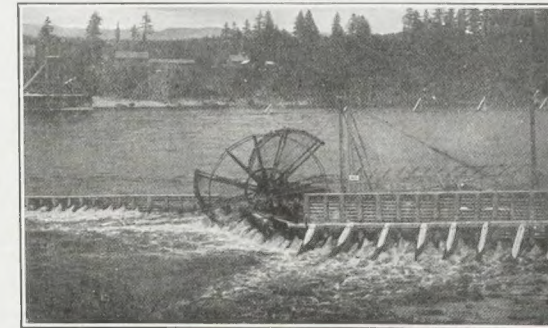
The floating dock is called "Dewey," after the Admiral who won the battle of Manila. It is to be towed to the Philippines for service there. In order to receive a ship, it is sunk by water-compartments, and the vessel is floated into position. The compartments are then emptied, and dock and ship rise clear of the surface.



A WHEEL FOR CATCHING SALMON.



A CATCH OF ROYAL CHINOOK SALMON.



A SALMON-DAM AND WHEEL-TRAP.

Photo: Fairbank.

THE SALMON-WHEEL: CATCHING FISH BY MACHINERY ON THE AMERICAN RIVERS.

The wheel here illustrated is used on the Columbia River, in Oregon. One of its uses is to catch salmon alive for hatcheries. The fish are led into it by a dam, and may be removed from the water uninjured, to be placed in the spawning-pond.

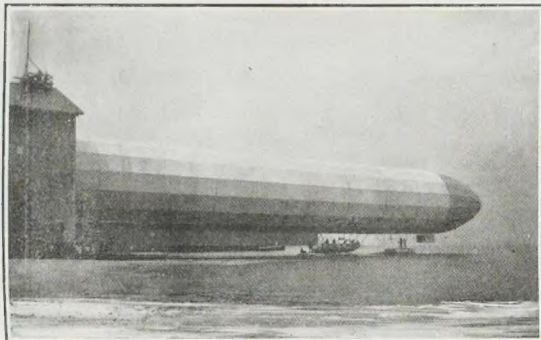


Photo: Weber.

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S LATEST AIR-SHIP.

The airship is photographed as it was emerging from its shed for the trials at Friedrichshafen. One of the Count's machines, tried at the Lake of Como, fell, after a short flight, into the water.



Photo: Nilsson.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY AT THE NOBEL PRIZE-GIVING.

The ceremony was held in the Nobel Institution at Christiania, on December 10. This backlight photograph is the only existing picture of the crowd. Only the Prince of Norway is given at Christiania, the others at Stockholm.



Photo: Tipton.

A DEVICE TO STOP RUNAWAY TRAINS.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway have experimented with a grooved rail filled with sand, branching from the main line and returning to it after 100 yards. Runaway trains have been stopped by this device.

A CHARMING CHRISTMAS CUSTOM IN ITALY.

DRAWN BY RICCARDO PELLEGRINI.



THE ADORATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE VAL DI MAGGIO.

About noon on Christmas Day the people of Val di Maggio go to their great square, where upon an ancient column is seated in state a young mother and her child, to represent the Virgin and the Divine Babe. The people adore her with acclamations and the sound of the double pipe, and they scatter garlands before her. At the end of the ceremony the Madonna's mantle, which is adorned with stars, is torn into small pieces, which are kept as talismans.

THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT: FURTHER MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.



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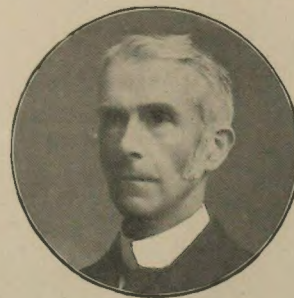
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FICTION AND MINOR ART.

THE fruits of Mr. George Moore's return to Ireland are visible in "The Lake" (Heinemann), which is strongly sympathetic all through to the Celtic tradition and point of view in a present-day Irish priest. The lake and the wild woodland life upon its margin make the background to the progress of Father Oliver Gogarty's love-story, and the full yet sad colouring, the loneliness, the melancholy permeating the Irish landscape, throw the inevitability of the final catastrophe into fine relief. Story in the strict sense of the word "The Lake" is not; rather it is a poetically-dressed study in emotions; and here we perceive that, though Mr. Moore may have changed his environment, his method of dealing with certain psychological conditions remains the same. Father Oliver is very cleverly and remorselessly dissected, though it is plain that the novelist has done his best to touch him delicately, to let the genesis of love in his unconscious heart be exhibited with all conceivable kindness. With Mr. Moore, however, it is an impossibility to blink the salient issues; a man and a woman are—a man and a woman: Father Oliver's discovery is less a spiritual than a physical awakening. The man was dormant, sleeping deep under the spell of religion and an honest enjoyment of simple duties and simple pleasures, until Rose Leicester (who is a mere symbol, and not a very convincing one at that) startled him into tragic consciousness. His religion was apparently no more than a superficial habit, which fell from him at the first brush with temptation. Probably Mr. Moore is absolutely right in his treatment of the subject. Given such a man in the circumstances described, things were no doubt bound to happen as they did; but this is a case where we would have been glad to sacrifice accuracy to a more hopeful ending.

The sub-title to "Soprano" (Macmillan) is "A Portrait," from which we gather that to Mr. Marion Crawford, as well as to his audience, it is Madame Bonanni who is the central character of the story. The great lyrical soprano, peasant-born, generous, impetuous, a grown-up child with all a child's vivid delight in the sunshiny side of the world, takes the colour out of the other people, even out of the "dangerous" Logotheti, whose mysterious machinations turn out to be so abortive in the end. Bonanni lives and breathes, a strong, exuberant, entertaining figure: we wish we could say the same of the nervous Lushington, in whose portrayal a practised pen seems to have lost some of its incisiveness. "Soprano," it goes without saying, is a smoothly written, well-proportioned novel, because its author is incapable of turning out an ungainly piece of work; but it will not stand comparison with the Saracinesca series, and there is a didactic tone about the reflections in it that will hardly, we think, please the fastidious minority which prefers to exercise its truisms for itself—if it can be brought to concede that a truism is a thing to be allowed even a limited liberty. However, most people prefer that the author should supply the necessary reflections when they sit down to a book; and in any case it is certain that those who plunge into "Soprano" will soon be carried away upon the full stream of a pleasant story, down to that tantalising last page whereon it ends with the promise of more to follow presently. The sooner the better, of course, from Mr. Marion Crawford.

One conspicuous thing is to be noticed in reading "Barbara Rebell" (Heinemann), Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' clever research into the complexities of the human comedy. The characters are so logically developed, and analysed with so much detachment, that we are unconscious of them as mere literary creations, book-people who belong, not to flesh and blood, but to the study-table. All through the novel, and especially when the conflict between love and honour makes play with Barbara Rebell and James Berwick, we are brought to feel that they are independent beings, following the lines of existence in obedience to the trend of character and circumstances. It is, of course, a truism to say that this is as it should be; but in how many romances is it to be found? The feeling of this book is truly romantic, in the sense which uses the term not for an affair of costume and incident, but for the heart's adventure. It vibrates through the lives of these modern folk, filling them with a shimmer of the spiritual side of passion and attraction—and yet they are sufficiently of-the-world worldly, alert for trifles, and touched with triviality, to be profoundly human. Incident is not insisted upon here, and indeed for our part we could have dispensed with the fire accident which brought Berwick to open declaration. It looks too much like a convenient miracle; and miracles, to stray a little from Mrs. Humphry Ward's observation, shouldn't happen, at least in a delicately drawn, closely argued observation of human emotions. The book is warmly packed with life and colour; it is peculiarly rich in minor characters; and it is a most absorbing study of men and women—the better sort of men and women for the most part, though Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has not omitted shrewd touches of the superficial individual among her lesser lights.

Kate Greenaway was so much a fashion that she could not be famous long; and her Life, edited by M. H. Spielmann and E. S. G. Layard ("Kate Greenaway," A. and C. Black), comes inevitably late. For, although

her life was short, she outlived her fashion. But she had gained meantime a busy popularity in two hemispheres and the latest friendship of a great Englishman. These things seem disproportionate to the little art she practised, and the most disproportionate Ruskin's admiration. In order to gain so great a vogue, it was necessary that she should be rather the second than the first in a "movement." It is the second blow that begins the quatrel, says the Spanish proverb; and the inventor gives place to him to whose word he has accustomed the public. Walter Crane's art was different from Kate Greenaway's, but the quaint grace of the figure was the same, the designs resembled each other, the tinting was similar; and the "Baby's Opera" had the nursery-rhyme quaintness which Kate Greenaway insisted upon in her birthday-book and her Christmas cards. In fact, there was a general revision of the conventions of grace and of dress. Miss Ellen Terry stepped on the stage at the same time; and women sought soft stuffs and mingled or faded colours for their garments. The fashion was, no doubt, in the air; but as regards design and children's coloured picture-books, Mr. Walter Crane was the first, Mr. Randolph Caldecott and Miss Greenaway followed, and all three had a great welcome; but it was Kate Greenaway who gave her name to scarves and frills. She addressed herself to the taste of artistic mothers and aunts by making dress very important. She pleased the slight sense of humour which women in the 'eighties were beginning to cultivate, by garbing her lovely little children in the sub-grotesque fashions of the beginning of the nineteenth century—the big bonnet and long

MOTIVES AND CUES.

The motive and the cue.—*Hamlet.*

"CREEDS" pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole," seemed until last week a motive or cue which, being neither creed nor rite nor altar, would remain for all time unshaken. But the poet, already hopelessly discredited by the most original thinker of to-day, has now to yield before the plain man—nay, even before the plain man's headgear and raiment. One altar, at least, has endured, and with its steadfastness goes half the pith of Arnold's line. For this revelation of unswerving purpose a cataclysm was needed—nothing less than the extinction of the Government, now happily departed to golf and philosophic doubt. But the end has justified the means, and Great Britain has seen one of her strong, simple sons emerge from the ordeal of office-taking and its attendant temptations with his dearest principles inviolate. And she turns from the spectacle exalted, quickened, chastened.

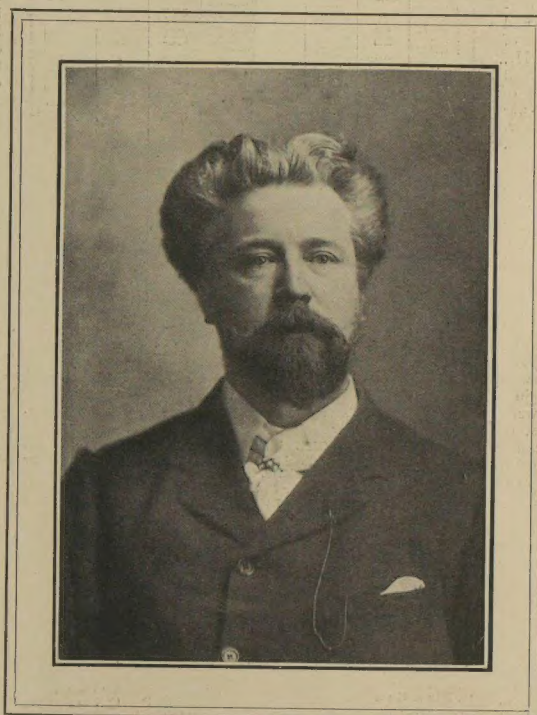
The real centre of tense interest in the coming of the Liberals was not so much the changes it would make in "Who's Who," as the revolution that place and power might work in the attire of the Right Hon. the Member for Battersea. In the idle jargon of philosophy, when the Universal enters into a man, it moulds him to the type. Now, the Universal of a Cabinet Minister includes the qualities of a being sartorially correct after the ideal created by the artists of Savile Row (which is just behind the Royal Academy), and it has ever been held seemly that our Rulers should go to the solemn services of Downing Street in such decent and sombre garb as they would wear if bidden to a funeral, with the omission, perhaps, of orchids. It was comparatively easy, said the mere Onlooker, for the Parliamentary skirmisher to go as he pleased to St. Stephen's; but Downing Street and the Public Offices are quite another pair of shoes, not to rise any higher in the body politic. Thus the unthinking and hide-bound Onlooker, who did not know his Burns. "Can a man be Right Honourable in a bowler hat?" he asked himself, and the absurd fallacy of the Universal or Archetypal Cabinet Minister rose up and filled him with fearful misgiving. So he went forth, the mere rate-paying Onlooker, and lurked about No. 10 to see what would befall. Enter by ones and twos the Liberals in fearful array of broadcloth, and the lodge was right honourably tiled. Eagerly they came to taste the sweetness of the most secret of conclaves. Sir Edward Grey, coming up from the Park, took the steps four at a bound, and before the Onlooker had recovered his breath, he was startled by a touch on his arm. Looking round, he saw a venerable figure in a cloak and a wide-awake, whom he had remarked a few minutes earlier alighting from a Chelsea omnibus.

"Brother," said the figure, "you do well to marvel. Mark him, that keen Man, most Energetic of Young Foreign Ministers. His four steps at a time, are they not fit Symbol and Advertisement to the Chancelleries of Europe that here is no Trifler, no Halter before Obstacles, but one who will do his Work with dispatch—ever ascendant? Yet although I do heartily abhor Formulas; he may for a time be well advised not to overleap too hastily the steps of his Predecessor, who has wrought, not without wisdom, in that Welter they call World-Politic. But it was not of him that I was minded to speak to Thee, Mere Onlooker and Man-in-the-Street, Ratepayer and Voting Machine, thy brains caliginous, obfuscate with Formulas and the endless Cackle of Platforms: nor yet of him that now enters the Official Portal, urbanest Able-Editor of two million Political Pamphlets. Nay, even as thou, I came out to note yonder Sturdy Son of Labour, to see what Faith he should hold to his Clothes-Philosophy, outward and visible sign of the Infinite within him. Forthright Deputy Burns, now Cabinet Minister Burns, how will it fare with thee at this Pinch? Wilt thou show thyself still a Man, worthy thy title of 'Honest,' or art thou in brief space so moulded by the Sham-Universal Gentility, Top-hatism, and the like, as to be no more Man, but Mannikin? We shall see!"

The Illustrious Shade and the Onlooker waited a few moments longer until all the Ministers had entered, and the watchers had seen him they sought pass to his first Cabinet meeting in habit simple as ever. Then the Shade spoke again—

"So, Cabinet-Minister Burns, thou hast triumphed for this time at least over Tailorism, Smart Setism, Sham-Universal Gentility, and possible gibes of elegant Under-Secretaries of State and competition-wallahs, Mayfair-begotten worshippers of the Moloch, 'Good Form.' Honour to thee that thy head still goes crowned with sable spheroid of hardest felt, commutable, when Thermidor burns, for the easier straw! 'It hangs there,' as I said somewhere in my Revolution Epos, 'between the Privileged Orders and the Unprivileged as a ready-made battle-prize and necessity of war from the very first; which battle-prize, whoever seizes it, may thenceforth bear as battle-flag, with the best omens.' And now, Mere Onlooker, Ratepayer and Voting Machine, blind worshipper of Aristocracy and a hundred other oracles no less futile—now that thou hast seen somewhat to shake thee out of thine Ancestral Acquiescence in the Customary, whereby thou art indeed damned, ponder it—go thy ways. Farewell! Nay, Friend, hail me not that Vehicle, horseless, self-driven, and of evil savour. I will return Chelseaward on Shanks' mare."

J. D. SYMON.



THE LATE WILLIAM SHARP ("FIONA MACLEOD").

The death of Mr. William Sharp, author, critic, and champion of the Neo-Celtic movement, revealed the well-kept literary secret of the identity of "Fiona Macleod." Mr. Sharp died in Sicily on December 12.

spencer for the little round girl; for the boy the suit with a little tail, such as George Eliot describes with a smile in "Felix Holt," or with the high trousers buttoned on to the jacket outside. Those fashions for children had been considered merely absurd for sixty years; Kate Greenaway gave them a little modern tenderness, a little modern humour, and made them charming. Her sense of prettiness was pat to the time. A new pleasure in colour answered to her rather delicate tinting; and the "aesthetic" public was not exacting in regard to drawing. To make a very necessary, though arbitrary, distinction of words, her design was good, but her drawing was altogether defective. It hardly existed. Ruskin was distressed because the legs and feet of her women and children were lamentable; he urged her to study the nude and to learn to draw human form. He must have taken a far more serious view of this pretty art of illustration than many readers will find themselves able to share with him. And so indeed he did, giving her praises that were generous to exuberance, in a series of delightful letters, that ended only with his power of writing letters at all. It may be said that she had much of the last light of his good years. The selection from his daily letters makes the very heart of the book before us. No more attractive, humorous, or touching letters were ever written than Ruskin's in his best days, and these of his illness and decline are better than any other writer's. Miss Greenaway's own, whether to him or to her other friends, have a certain pleasantness of not uncommonplace simplicity. The volume is fully illustrated. As a record of a mere phase it is welcome, since it is well that every manifestation should have its monument, for the guidance of future historians. But the future historian of Art will not take this material too seriously.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

We hear a great deal about "accuracy" at present, and shall probably hear more, in consequence of Mr. Herbert Paul's Life of Froude, with the story of the old assaults by Freeman on Froude's History. Probably one read them, too many years ago, but if I read them I only remember, rightly or wrongly, that Mr. Froude was accused of thinking *la Sainte Ampoule* was a canonised lady, Saint Ampulla. The ampoule was, of course, a miraculous phial, kept at Rheims, and containing the oil with which French Kings were anointed at their coronation. Mr. Froude was also said not to know that the Abbot of Sainte-Croix was the Abbot (lay) of Holyrood; and that is all I remember about critiques which made so much noise, and, indeed, are still sonorous in Mr. Paul's pages. He does not mention Saint Ampulla, and, not having referred to ancient files of the *Saturday Review*, I may remember wrong.

Mr. Paul, I fear, has unwarily vexed the inhabitants of several wasps' nests, and the wasps will come out and be a nuisance to passers-by. Homer says that this commonly occurred when boys threw stones at wasps' nests on the roadside, proving that the human boy has ever been the same mischievous fellow.

Here is a large stone pitched by Mr. Paul into a well-populated nest of wasps, not ill-equipped with stings: "The Pope had been directly concerned in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." Had the Pope communicated with the Louvre on the Marconi system? If not, I cannot understand how his Holiness could be "directly concerned" in a hastily improvised crime. Surely nobody now believes that the Massacre was a long premeditated and carefully arranged affair? I have read many accounts of that exciting event, in memoirs of persons on the spot, at the Louvre; those of Henri III., who was one of the movers (when Duc d'Anjou), and his sister, the heroine of "La Reine Margot" of Dumas, are among the most thrilling. Then there are plenty of minutely critical histories of the Bartholomew. They leave the impression, or rather the conviction, that the Massacre was the result of a sudden unhappy thought, after the emissary of the Guises winged Coligny, without killing him. The idea of a general murder was then improvised; the King was worried into giving his assent; the arrangements were hastily and imperfectly organised on the night of the crime, and, as the Pope was in Rome at the moment, how could he be "directly concerned in the Massacre"?

When the Pope heard of it, like the bad boy in Mark Twain, "he said it was bully," and, I think, he had a medal struck to commemorate the incident. Certainly, copies of the medal are printed in history books. But the Pope was told, I understand, that the Massacre was only a defensive measure, as the Huguenots were just about to surprise the town and Court, when they were anticipated. That was the version, absurdly false, of Charles IX., or one of his versions, which may account for the joy of the Pope, but does not justify us in saying that he was "directly concerned." There will be refutations.

I am made so nervous by the modern insistence on historical accuracy (about which the public can know nothing, while historians usually blunder in their kind efforts to correct each other), that I hardly dare quote the following extract from a thoughtful weekly paper. I copied the extract, but did I copy it right? It was, or I saw it—perhaps with hallucinated eyes—in a review of Mr. Laver's book on the Australian cricketers in England. The reviewer touched on Mr. Armstrong's bowling to leg for the purpose of bowling out time. The critic remarked on the dubious conduct of an English player who "sat on his bat and kicked at the balls as they were delivered to the player at the other end."

What can this mean? The player is at the bowler's wicket. He "sits on his bat and kicks at the balls being delivered to the player at the opposite end." The bowler has a fairly high delivery, and how could the man at his end kick at the balls while sitting on his bat? He would have been given "out" for obstructing the field if he had thus obstructed the bowler, but, while sitting on his bat, he could not kick within several feet of the balls. Even standing up, he could not reach them with his foot.

I have tried it every way. "He sat on the ball and kicked at the bats as they were being delivered to the player at the other end." That makes, if possible, greater nonsense. "He sat on the player at the other end and kicked at the balls," is suggested by an eminent classical amateur of conjectural emendations—Hermann Bosch, Ph.D.—reading "balls" for "bats." But that way lies madness, and Dr. Bosch has to take "being delivered" as an inadvertent interpolation by a typewriter.

A celebrated cricketer, with more economy of conjecture, reads—"He sat on his bat and kicked at the balls as they were being delivered by" (not "to") "the player at the other end," that is, by the bowler, Mr. Armstrong. This emendation has certainly a great appearance of plausibility, and must increase the already wide fame of my friend as a cricketing scholiast. But when we speak of the batsman do we allude to the bowler as "the player at the other end"? Would not that phrase mean the other batsman? Perhaps the reviewer was a lady who knew no more about cricket than Charles Dickens did. If the reviewer was a lady, and not a cricketing lady, then her editor carries the dislike of specialists as critics to an even unusual degree. To be sure, it is customary to give books for review to persons entirely and abjectly ignorant of the subject on which the authors discourse, and it must be difficult for the most conscientious editor to find a male who knows nothing about cricket. A lady is therefore indicated.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3214—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

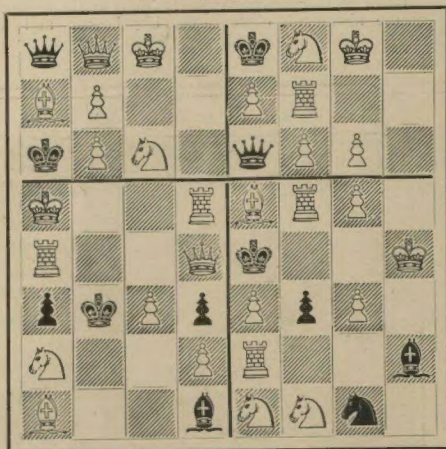
WHITE.
1. Q to Kt 8th
2. Q to R 8th (ch)
3. P to Kt 7th, mate.
If Black play 1. K takes R, 2. Q takes P (ch); if 1. B to B sq, 2. Q takes B (ch), and if 1. any other; 2. Q to R 8th (ch).

PROBLEM No. 3217—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

Every one of these letters are in my name.—*Twelfth Night*, II. 5.

"E-DITH E-LINA H-ELEN B-AIRD."

BLACK.



WHITE.

In each problem White to play, and mate in two moves in its own division.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. R. P. MORGES and HERBERT JACOB.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to Kt 4th P to Q 4th
2. P takes P Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th Q takes P
4. Kt to Q B 3rd Q to Q R 4th
A very venturesome defence against a player of White's attacking strength, while to this particular move we have the strongest possible answer, both here and in all analogous positions. The Queen is only taken right out of action.
5. Kt to K B 3rd B to Kt 5th
6. B to K 2nd P to K 3rd
7. Castles P to Q B 3rd
8. Kt to K 5th B to K B 4th
9. P to Kt 4th B to Kt 5th
10. P to K B 4th P to K R 3rd
Scarcely realising the objective of White's excellent strategy, Kt to K 5th leads to some lively complications.
11. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
12. B to Q 3rd K to B 2nd
This practically loses. The King is not only deprived of the power of Castling, but he has to occupy a dangerous position as well.
WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. J.)
13. P to B 5th Kt P takes P
14. P takes P B to Q 3rd
15. B to Q B 4th R to K 5th
16. B takes P (ch) K to B sq
17. Q to B 3rd Q to B 2nd
18. R to B 2nd Q Kt to Q 2nd
19. Kt to K 2nd K to K 2nd
20. Kt to B 4th Kt to B 3rd
K to Q 3rd loses the exchange by B to B 7th.
21. P to Q R 4th P to Q B 4th
22. Kt to Q 5th (ch) Kt takes Kt.
23. Taken Kt. K to Q sq
24. B to K 3rd K to Q 2nd
25. P takes P B to K 4th
26. B takes Kt P Q R to Kt sq
27. K to Q sq (ch)
The ending is an effective specimen of the art of smashing an opponent.
28. R takes Kt (ch) Q takes R
29. R to Q 2nd K to K 2nd
30. R takes Q (ch) R takes R
31. P to B 6th Resigns.

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By S. LOYD

White: K at Q Kt sq, Q at K B 5th, Rs at K B 2nd and Q R 5th, Bs at Q sq and Q Kt 4th, Kt at Q 4th, P at K 3rd, Q at B 5th, and Q R 6th.
Black: K at Q B 3rd, Q at K R 5th, Kts at K B sq and K R 2nd, P at Q Kt 7th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 2.—By C. PLANCE.

White: K at Q R 5th, Q at K Kt 3rd, R at Q 6th, B at Q Kt 7th, Kt at Q 2nd, Ps at K B 3rd and Q Kt 6th.
Black: K at Q B 4th, Q at Q 4th, P at K R 4th, Kts at Q B sq and Q R 3rd, Ps at Q Kt 4th, Q R 5th, K 3rd, K R 3rd and 6th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 3.—By S. W. BAMPTON.

White: K at Q sq, Q at Kt 8th, Kts at Q B sq and K 5th, B at K R 8th, P at Kt 2nd.
Black: K at Q 5th, Ps at Q 4th and K 5th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 4.—By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

White: K at Q Kt 2nd, Q at Q R 8th, Bs at Q B 5th and Q 5th.
Black: K at K 4th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 5.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

White: K at Q 5th, R at Kt 2nd and K R 2nd, P at K B 6th.
Black: K at K B 6th, Ps at K B 2nd and Q 3rd.

White mates in three moves.

No. 6.—By W. A. SHINKMAN.

White: K at Q B 2nd, Q at Q R 5th, B at Q Kt 5th, Kt at K 7th, P at Kt 4th.
Black: K at Q B 4th, P at Q B 6th.

White mates in three moves.

Solutions of these problems will be acknowledged.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

NEW YEARS AND OLD AGE.

It is a curious fact, but also a highly appropriate incident, I think, that addresses on old age have been delivered within measurable distance of the end of the year. Sir James Crichton Browne gave a lucid lecture on this subject some months ago. Sir Samuel Wilks wrote pleasantly "De Senectute" in a very recent number of the *Lancet*, and Dr. George W. Cumming also discoursed on the influence of climate on old age before a medical society a short time since. We are all tempted to indulge in a process of mental stocktaking at the close of a year, and to indulge in certain reflections connected with our work and labour, and with our chances of our days in the land being prolonged.

For one thing, every writer on the subject adopts a cheery and optimistic tone. There is little or nothing of cynicism in the addresses I have read. On the contrary, we are encouraged to make the most of our little day by considerations of scientific kind connected with the possibility of extending the span of life beyond the limit usually assigned to the duration of existence. All the writers plead for the idea that if we will only live fairly careful lives, husbanding our physical strength, and avoiding the habit of the spendthrift in the matter of health-resources, we may extend our years and enjoy a very full measure of satisfaction at a time when the average old-age period is supposed to herald the near end, when "the rest is silence."

An oft-quoted saying is that which declares that a man is really as old as his blood-vessels. One can appreciate the truth of this adage when he reflects that upon the vessels and their state depends the efficient blood-supply of the frame. With a supply which is too limited in its nature, or which represents, in addition, a deficiency in quality, the changes which are incidental to old age are favoured in their early oncoming. We cannot escape such changes, but we can assuredly modify their onset. We do not discover that any special rules of life exist such as old people may follow in the hope of enjoying a healthy existence in the after-glow; but there are certain plain provisos which appear to be laid down for the acceptance of the aged in view of their living on past the boundary that, for ordinary travellers along Mirza's Bridge, marks the end of their journeying.

It will be conceded that the man who has the best chance of attaining to length of days and to healthy ones is he who has been no physical spendthrift in his prime. If he has been temperate and has applied no "hot rebellious liquors to his blood," his chances of good health in his sixties and seventies will be materially increased. If he has been fortunate enough to inherit a sound constitution from his ancestry, he will again benefit from the character of his physical legacy. If he has been a spare eater, and more especially if his personal characteristics show an absence of the "too, too solid flesh" which many exhibit, he will be the more likely to live on when his stouter friends fall by the way. It is your thin, spare folks who are the characteristic figures in the ranks of the old—"The lean and slippered pantaloon" we can attest as an appropriate nonagenarian—while the corpulent man succumbs to his fate at a much earlier period of the downward journey.

Dr. Cumming, speaking of climate as an aid to the attainment of old age, regards a relaxing air as that most favourable to senility. His expression that such a mild environment is like a warm but light top-coat, always investing the old person, fits the case exactly. A relaxing climate acts in many ways on the frame, but specially assists nature in keeping the old person in a state of comfort. It soothes the lining membrane of the lungs, assists in maintaining the action of the skin, and otherwise lessens the strain and stress of the heart. We may conclude that a place like Torquay or Southport, presenting the typical characteristics of a mild climate, forms an ideal resort for the aged. There life may be prolonged, because the air is not only pure, but is warm and leans to the moist side.

It has been remarked that over-eating is a more fertile cause of early bodily decay than is starvation, and the fact that many paupers live on to an advanced age under conditions of life which are and have been anything but comfortable, would appear to support the view just named. "Men dig their graves with their teeth," is an oft-quoted saying implying the same idea of repletion being a foe to longevity. There is yet another point of supreme importance in respect of its forming a special condition favouring the attainment of a ripe old age. This is the question of occupation. The man who has worked well up to his fifties or sixties, and retires prosperous to end his days in relaxation, as often as not collapses before his appointed time. On the other hand, the men who prolong their studies, let us say, and who continue to take an interest in intellectual pursuits especially, are precisely those who attain to length of days. The retired tradesman dies soon of sheer lack of interest in life, while your judge, your scientist, your physician, or other example of the intellectual class, lingers long as the veteran on the stage.

Perchance these results can be explained by referring to the fact that the moderate use of the brain-cells favours the continuance of their vitality, and through these governing cells such mental exercise reacts upon the physical forces at large. The typical old age is therefore not that whereof a characteristic is the folding of the hands to slumber easily and persistently. Equally, it is not to be represented as a period of undiminished energy either of brain or of body. Rather is the conception that of the slowing down of the vital engine, with a judicious banking up of its fires. Its work does not cease, but the pressure of energy is diminished. So, the strength corresponds to the years and their demands, until, when the end comes, it represents euthanasia, and a simple passing without stress or pain.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN POLAND: THE PEASANTS' FISHING.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE JANKOWSKI.



A CHRISTMAS PRIVILEGE: PEASANTS FISHING BY LEAVE OF THE PROPRIETOR.

Once a year, on the day before Christmas, the proprietors permit the peasants to hold a general fishing on the ice through holes broken for the purpose. After the fish are caught they are distributed among the villagers.

A CHRISTMAS PEACE AT THE BUTTS.

DRAWN BY G. E. LEECH.

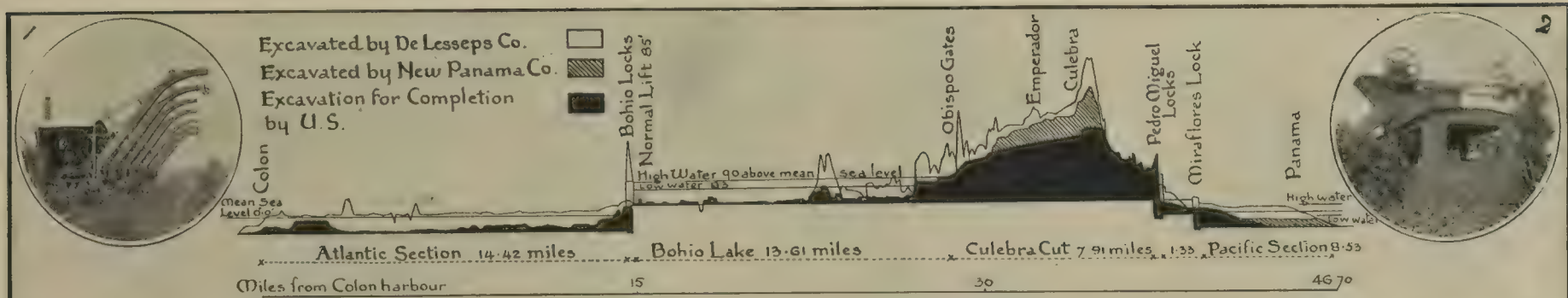


SECURITY WHERE DEATH REIGNED: GROUSE AFTER DECEMBER 11.

The close time for grouse began on December 11. After that date the birds approach without alarm the butts where their kinsmen fell.

THE SLOW PROGRESS OF THE PANAMA CANAL: MILLIONS SPENT FOR VERY LITTLE RESULT.

PANORAMA AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY BALLOU.



1. DISCARDED FRENCH DERRICKS.

2. A PIECE OF DISUSED FRENCH MACHINERY.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, SHOWING THE LINE OF THE CANAL FROM PANAMA TO COLON.

A statement made last week before the Senate's Committee on Appropriations by Mr. Taft, chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, showed that in spite of huge expenditure and the promises and performances of the so-called "hustlers," the work of the Panama Canal is at a standstill. Millions of dollars have been spent, and there is very little to show for the money. The Senate's Committee is looking askance at the request for additional appropriations for preliminary work, and it has been suggested that the United States Government should give up the idea of building the canal, and invite the contractors of the whole world to offer tenders for its completion.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN'S ART TREASURES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

1. PARTIALLY GILT BRONZE BUST OF INNOCENT X. ITALIAN; SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY.

2. BAS-RELIEF OF ENAMELLED TERRA-COTTA: THE VIRGIN ADORING THE INFANT SAVIOUR, THE FIRST PERSON OF THE TRINITY ABOVE. SCHOOL OF DELLA ROBbia. FLORENTINE; ABOUT 1500.

3. PLAQUE OF ENAMEL PAINTED IN COLOURS, PARTLY OVER FOIL AND HIGHLIGHTED WITH GOLD: THE SIRAL AGRIPIA, BY LEONARD LIMOUSIN. LIMOGES; FIRST HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

4. ROCK CRYSTAL VASE. ITALIAN; SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

5. ROCK CRYSTAL BOWL. ITALIAN; SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, WITH MOUNTS OF A LATER DATE.

6. A BRONZE FIGURE OF HERCULES, BY BERTOLDO DI GIOVANNI. ITALIAN; LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

7. SAMSON SLAYING THE PHILISTINES. FLORENTINE; SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

8. BRONZE FIGURE OF AN ATHLETE OR GLADIATOR, ATTRIBUTED TO ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO (B. 1429; D. 1498).

9. IVORY DIPTYCH, THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, AND THE CRUCIFIXION, BENEATH GOTHIC ARCADING. FRENCH; FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

10. COFFER OF IVORY CARVED WITH SUBJECTS FROM THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH POEM "LA CHASTELAINE DE VERGL" FRENCH; FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

11. DIPTYCH OF CARVED IVORY: ON THE LEFT LEAF THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM AND THE ENTOMBMENT; ON THE RIGHT THE CRUCIFIXION AND THE RESURRECTION. EACH SUBJECT BENEATH GOTHIC ARCADING. FRENCH; FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE PIERPONT MORGAN TREASURES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM,
SOUTH KENSINGTON.



1. STATUETTE OF TERRA-COTTA: FIGURE OF A VEILED WOMAN, HOLDING IN HER HAND A FAN IN THE FORM OF A LEAF. TANAGRA, FOURTH CENTURY B.C.

2. TWO SILVER KANIHAROI, OR TWO-HANDIED CUPS SACRED TO DIONYSUS, AND A KYATHOS, BY MEANS OF WHICH WINE WAS TRANSFERRED FROM THE KRATER TO THE DRINKING-CUPS. ABOUT FIFTH CENTURY B.C. FROM A TOMB AT OLIVIA.

3. A FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL DRAPED. TANAGRA, FOURTH CENTURY B.C.

4. PAX OF SILVER-GILT WITH PAINTINGS UNDER ROCK CRYSTAL; IN THE CENTRE THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI. ITALIAN, LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

5. PLATE OF MAIOLICA. A PRIAR IN PRAYER BEFORE A CROSS. FAENZA; ABOUT 1500.

6. A BEAKER OF PAINTED ENAMEL ON SILVER. FLEMISH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

7. BRONZE GROUP: DIONYSUS AND A SATYR. FROM ROSCO REALE. ROMAN, FIRST CENTURY A.D.

8. A SHRINE OF CARVED WOOD. FLEMISH, LATE FIFTEENTH OR EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

9. SPHERICAL VASE OF ENAMELLED MAIOLICA, WITH PAINTED BUST OF A WOMAN. FAENZA, LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

10. BIBERON OF MEDICI PORCELAIN. FLORENTINE, SECOND HALF OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

11. CASKET OF WOOD, COVERED WITH PLAQUES OF ENAMEL. PAINTED IN COLOURS, PARTLY OVER FOIL, AND HEIGHTENED WITH GOLD. THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH. LIMOGES, SECOND HALF OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

12. VIRGIN AND CHILD IN IVORY, WITH SILVER CROWN. FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

13. CASKET COVERED WITH PLAQUES OF ENAMEL. ON THE COVER THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL FED WITH MANNA AND QUAILS. THE SUBJECT OF THE PANEL SHOWN IS THE PASSOVER. LIMOGES, SECOND HALF OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



A SCRUMMAGE.



THE CROWD.



THE WELSH TEAM.



THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM.

NEW ZEALAND'S FIRST DEFEAT: THE "ALL BLACKS'" UNSUCCESSFUL MATCH AGAINST WALES, DECEMBER 16.

At Cardiff on December 16 the New Zealanders played their twenty-eighth match, which was against Wales. In the twenty-eighth minute Wales scored, and the match ended in the defeat of the "All Blacks" by three points to nil.



1. THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

2. THE MONTE SACRO.

3. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

A SERMON IN PRECIOUS STONES: "THE WAY OF LIFE," AT THE DORÉ GALLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARK.

This curious piece of goldsmith's work, which is now being shown at the Doré Gallery, has occupied M. Channet, the Paris jeweller, for thirty years. On a marble rock, around which runs the River of Life, in onyx, appear scenes in the life of Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary. The figures are wrought in ivory, metal, and precious stones, and above all is the symbol of the Trinity.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS HUNTING THE POLAR BEAR IN GREENLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE DUKE'S EXPEDITION.



Dr. Récamier.

The Duke of Orleans.

A POLAR BEAR SHOT BY THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Last summer the Duke of Orleans fitted out the cruiser "Belgica" for a Polar Expedition. He explored the north-east of Greenland, and reached the furthest-north point of that coast yet attained by the explorers. This he named Cape Philippe. The Duke and his colleague, Dr. Récamier, did a great deal of scientific work, geographical and oceanographical, and in the examination of the sea-floor. They also enjoyed excellent sport hunting the Polar bears, the seal, and other animals, and they made a remarkable collection of birds.



THE GOLDEN BOAT: AN ARGOSY OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLEKE.

As a variant of the Fairy Well, Santa Claus' Sack, and other venerable devices for bringing in the Christmas presents, comes the Golden Boat, on the prow of which stands a good fairy, who, when the craft has come to anchor, unships the gifts and distributes them to the company.

THE MOTOR SANTA CLAUS

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



THE walking delegate called us off at two o'clock, and the word was passed along from storey to storey till at last it reached me away up on the roof of the skyscraper. I laid down my hammer—and with my hammer the new dress I was meaning to buy Molly for Christmas, our Sunday dinner

for many days to come, all the little extras and trimmings that go to sweeten a feller's life, and some, too, I guess, of my own courage and hopefulness. Yes, I laid them all down, and marched out with the rest, feeling kind of queer and lost to be walking the streets with no job to do, nor none to look forward to. It was the first of December, I remember, blowing squally north-north-east, with the promise of snow.

Naturally I tried to put a good face on it to Molly, and tramped into our little flat as jolly as you please. She was sewing on her machine, and Kit was in his corner studying his engineering correspondence course; and it all looked so snug and homelike and comforting that it brought a lump to my throat.

"The housesmiths are out, Molly," says I, like it the winning number in a lottery which we had bought of a poor old woman out of charity. "And what's sauce for housesmiths is sauce for roofers, old lady!" (I being a roofer, you understand, having taken up the trade when I left the sea to marry Molly, it needing a cool head and a sure hand on them twenty-five decked affairs, and unions less particular about where you was apprenticed, and how, I recollect telling the President of the Roofers' Local, No. 7, that I had learned roofing on the main-royal of a four-masted ship, and he was like to make objections till I passed him up a twenty-dollar bill private, when he said he reckoned that, after all, he didn't know no better school.)

"Oh, Dan!" says Molly, coming over to me with her big blue eyes all wet, and throwing her arms around my neck.

"Don't you take on about it," I said, holding her tight, and feeling all over again what a treasure she was to me. (I always say the feller needs to have been to sea to appreciate a nice, sweet, loving girl, and when that same can forget you are twenty years older nor she is, and love you like you had curly hair and was a Romeo—well, in all this mixed-up, topsy-turvy business of living, with most of us fighting like mad for what we don't need and would be far better off without, I put a good wife first, by God, as the only thing that ever really comes up to your expectations after you've got it.)

Kit never budged from his place, and one might have thought he didn't care, if it wasn't for the tears he was dropping surreptitiously all over his diagram. I sat down on the big chair, with Molly on the arm of it, and I says to Kit, says I, "Kit, you bring me my pipe, and let's all three of us talk this over like sensible people." So he came and snuffled on the other side of me, while I held the centre in a cloud of smoke.

"Molly," says I, "and Kit," says I, "as temporary chairman of this public meeting, let me pass up a few remarks for all of our consideration. Let's remember we're alive, which is always something; and healthy, which is not to be despised neither; and that nothing's so bad but what it might be worse! Which reminds me, boys and girls," I went on, "that I once surveyed the Pacific Ocean from the bottom of a cansized barge, with no more to eat than barnacles on the half-shell; and I'd have never survived to grace the present occasion if it hadn't been for a red-headed Swede, who was always saying, 'Hold on, boys, just as we were about to let go, and who was always looking for sails when the rest of us was saying our last prayers. So, if you will kindly accommodate me with your attention, I will ask you to regard me as the red-headed Swede of the present occasion!'"

Little Kit lit up with the ghost of a grin, and I saw the glister of Molly's teeth, which all goes to show what putting a good face on a thing will do, and how, if you'll only talk big and bold when everything is tumbling (so to speak), you'll end by feeling the same way inside. The best lessons are those learned outside of school, and it ain't always from black-coated professors neither. I reckon Olsen's bones have been whitening the sea-floor this many a year, but here was the memory of that great, shock-headed son-of-a-gun rising from the past to help me now.

"Boys and girls," I says, "it's going to be a long, hard, bitter strike. The whole building trade of this city is tied up till spring. December, January, February, March, April—there's five months to shuffle through the best we can, on the least we can, and as jolly as we can! Molly . . . ?"

"Yes, Dan," says she.

"What's the present level of the tay-cup?"

It showed up better than I could have hoped—thirty-nine dollars and fifty-five cents, which, with the twelve-dollar-fifteen-cents pay-check in my pocket, raised the magnificent total to forty-nine dollars, fifty-five cents. Kit, who was a lightning calculator, worked it out to nine dollars and ninety-one cents a month for the five we had to figure against. Ten dollars a month strike pay to this gave us nineteen dollars and ninety-one cents! It wasn't a fortune, was it?

"Molly," I says, "when the collector comes round to-day—and lucky we were that he was late for once—tell him he can take back this expensive flat, and remind him that we've paid his old rent straight to the minute these three years past, and that now, in our pinch, he must do the handsome, and throw in to-day and tomorrow free by way of a good-conduct prize."

It showed what a good, faithful girl I had married, that she didn't owe a stiver. Cash down every time, even to the milkman and the baker. We'd have a fair start, anyway, and didn't have to spill the tay-cup for past luxuries. No, Sir, there'n't a string to a nickel of it!

"I'm not going to go with the procession," says I. "The first month living much as usual; the second on half that and debt; the third, eating up the furniture—supper on the poker-work Indian—breakfast on a bead pin-cushion and the Bible your mother gave you; fourth month sleeping on the bare floor; fifth month—oh, hell!—and all the time bumming around for a job without the ghost of a chance against twenty thousand men idle, and half of them starving! No, boys and girls, that isn't my red-headed Swede idea at all. We're all going to pack up and go to the country!"

"Country?" says Molly.

"Country?" says Kit.

"Yes, country," says I.

"I've seen this thing coming for the last ten days," I went on. "Them labour leaders and little kings have been acting that important, and giving more lip to the Employers' Alliance than the traffic could bear. So I have been a-looking round quiet, and spotting for a nice, unnoticed little 'crib where we might heave-to and blow out the storm. And what's more, I've found it."

They was both looking at me with big round eyes now.

"It ain't a Biltmore," I says, "and it ain't a Newport cottage with eighty rooms and a dance-hall. But the rent's reasonable—one dollar a month—and there's a stack of tumble-down stables and out-buildings the owner said I might tear down and burn for firewood—and there's a pond for Kit to skate on—and a teamster I know, who is out with the rest of the boys, is willing to shift us there, lock, stock, and barrel for two-fifty!"

"Dan," says Molly, "somebody's been murdered there—I can see it in your eye—and there'll be b-b-bloodstains on the f-f-floor!"

"Dirty, that's all," says I.

"But one dollar a month!" exclaims Molly. "It's an old road-house on the Cook County pike," I explained. "It lies about seven miles of here, a little to the south of east, and mighty lonesome it looks too, without a neighbour nearer nor a mile, and every window broke in. It was a failure from the start—nobody that passed it ever seems to have felt a thirst at that particular point—and it busted one feller after another

until finally it has got to be a by-word, with tramps camping there, and decent people walking wide of it at night. But there are three likely rooms in the rear, with a good enough kitchen stove once it's set up and cleaned, and what with our things we can fix it up very pretty and nice."

"Of course, Kit can be busy anywhere with his correspondence college and his books," says Molly, wonderingly, "but Dan, dear, how will you manage to put in them long days?"

"Work!" says I.

"Seven miles from nowhere?" says she, incredulous.

"Molly," says I, "I've got an old magazine with pictures and drawings of Columbus's ship, the *Santa Maria*. I'm going to jump in and do that ship three feet long, everything exact and to scale, down to little painted sailors pulling ropes, and Columbus himself



Kit and Molly packing up.

looking at America through a spy-glass! No Dutch toy, you understand, raddle-sided and Noah's Ark—but really well done, and swell as only an old sailor knows how to do!"

"But who'll buy it?" says Molly.

"It'll draw a crowd to any store-window you put it in," says I, "and there's rent for you—three dollars a week—and maybe half profits in the case of a sale."

[Continued overleaf.]

AN ORIENTAL ROTTEN ROW: AN EVENING PROMENADE AT JAIPUR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



EVENING IN THE AVENUE OF JAIPUR.

The evening promenade in the Avenue of Jaipur affords one of the most curiously Oriental spectacles the traveller can enjoy in India. Elephants and bullock-carts pass in endless succession, and the citizens in their picturesque costumes make up a scene of wonderful brilliancy and colour. The two blindfold cheetahs in leash, trained to hunt, are the property of some wealthy sportsman.

Them Spitzer Brothers are always running spangled girls, and stuffed sea-lions, and all that into their windows at Christmas-time—to draw the crowd and attract attention to their Union-made, all-wool, ninety-nine suits! Well, why not a ship—Columbus's ship—the brave old *Santa Maria*? It strikes me as a better idea than their present—Marshal Oyama, in one of their nobby overcoats, dictating dispatches to a full-fledged chief of staff in a pair of their marked-down gun boots!"

"Danny," says Kit, skidding on the arm of the chair in his excitement, "it's great—that's what it is—and you'll make fifty dollars out of it sure!"

"If it's a go," I went on, very encouraged, "I'll follow it up with the *Mayflower*, with pilgrims on the top-gallant to castle kneeling in prayer!"

"I'm proud of my old Dan," says Molly, giving me a dovey look and a hug, "and my, but we'll be so happy all three of us together all day and every day!"

And while Kit and Molly is packing up, and taking down the chimeoes, and rolling up mattresses, and putting the tins-poons in a pillow-case along of the silver-plated tay-pot and wrapping the fancy lamp in my old pants—and while they are doing all this, so gay, and helpful, and brisk, like we is off to Europe instead of giving up the rooms we was married in, and reefing down for God knows what black days to come—let me side-step a little, and tell you about this here Kit.

To begin with, he wasn't our boy; and to go on with, he wasn't a boy at all; that is, unless you call eighteen years old a boy, while as a matter of fact he looked eight, and only stood a yard high. Yes, that's what he was—a dwarf. Not that he wasn't a shapely little feller, and the head on him was no bigger than the child he looked to be. There was nothing unsightly about Kit—only, you see, he had never growed. It had something to do with his mother worrying before he was born, his Pa being one of them caisson fellers who take a big risk with their big money. Well, to get along with the story, the week me and Molly moved into the third-storey rear flat 44A, so happy at being just married that I can't look back at that time without—Oh, well, the week we moved into 44A, 44B sported crape on its front door knob. Tom Routh had fallen dead of that strange, sudden caisson-disease; and, when the news was broke to his wife, she simply keeled over too, and died on the floor. Molly had noticed the child about before, saying how polite he was and how he always tipped his cap when passing her on the stairs; and now, when she heard all the hubbub and learned what had happened, she went into 44B with her great big womanly heart afire to comfort the little feller and bring him into our flat. This was how Kit came into the family, together with his little basket-work rocking-chair, and his books, and pens and paper, and queer ways—crept in, almost—sleeping at night on my overcoat, and in the daytime helping Molly around the house.

Tom Routh was an Elk, and they was going to take charge of the boy, asking us as a favour to keep him for two weeks while they could make arrangements at some kind of Elks' Home. So Kit stayed on with Molly and me, snuggling into the place like a lost do', and finding consolation in my big voice and sailor ways, and in Molly's sweet and gentle ones. He wasn't a bit of trouble, and always so active and willing that Molly and me warmed to him wonderful. The day before he was to be took away—or the night rather, for my wife and me was abed—Molly said she had been reading a poetry-book about a beautiful prince and a beautiful princess, and how, the morning after their marriage, the beautiful prince had told the beautiful princess that she might ask him one favour, and that he would grant it if it took his last cent.

"That's what any man would do," says I, as she stopped and waited.

"Pity I didn't ask you," Danny," says she, very artful.

"It's not too late, Beautiful Princess," says I.

"Oh, Danny, do you mean it?" she asks.

"Sure!" says the Beautiful Prince.

Then if she didn't put her arms around my neck and beg me to keep Kit!

That's three years ago now, when he was fifteen, and looked five. To some folks it might seem a risky thing—and likely enough it was—but I have never regretted it a day. I couldn't love him any better if he were my own son, nor could Molly. I have never seen so much human variety all in one little human body. Sometimes he's just what he looks—a child—and sometimes he's grown up, talking like a book, and making you feel

an ignorpottimus beside him. And the fancies he has! And the way he says things, till I'm blessed if you can't see them! He'll pull up his little rocker beside me, and off we'll go cruising in our splendid yacht, me and Molly and him, even to the names of the sailors, and what he has to eat, and the sights we see, and the things that happen to us, both laughable and tremendous! He knows every rope of a ship, and there ain't a town in the jography-book that he ain't acquainted with the main street of! Our trip across Central Africa was enough to make you hold your breath, and the things I've seen myself do, in the line of noble deeds, brings the blush to my cheek to remember even now!

But, of course, this was all in play-time. Kit had a work-time too, and my, if he wasn't a tiger at it! Electrical engineering it was, with a Correspondence University at Chicago—not to speak of German and French, which he could read and write to beat the band; and stenography, book-keeping, and triangulation! Kit was a little wonder at his books, and he went at them bull-headed, till there wasn't a page that wasn't worn thin. Often he says to me: "Dan," he says, "my limited stature puts me outside all ordinary vocations, except selling papers on the streets, perhaps. My only

It was called Thompson's place, though why Thompson, when the last renter was named Blitz, and the one before that Stiggers, and the one before that again Flumenbauer—is more than me nor anybody can tell! Anyway, it was called Thompson's place—and mighty chill and bare and lonesome Thompson's place looked too that winter day when we all piled into it, with the wind roaring through the broken windows, and the dirt of ages lying around promiscuous. Bottles one might have expected to find, and likewise tin cans, but why the whole neighbourhood seemed to have left its old shoes at Thompson's place is a mystery even yet. Nobody seems to have called there but what he departed without his shoes. Perhaps the customers didn't like it, and there was the reason maybe for why the place had never flourished. Shoes! Stacks of them! Mountains.

Howsomever, we soon fixed up the rear of the place very nice and tidy, finding the kitchen-stove even better than I had hoped, not to speak of two others for warming. Kit made a desert island of it, and we were castaways; and it gave a snap to our pork and beans that he had rafted them through the surf from a Spanish galleon! In a couple of days the place

had a regular home look, and in a week we might have lived there all our lives! Mighty snug and pleasant it is to look back on—me working at the *Santa Maria*, Molly singing over her mending and darning. Kit nose-down to his books—and the barn burning up piece-meal in the red-hot stove! We had been cooped up three years in a big city, in a squeegee flat you couldn't swing a cat in—and Thompson's place was sort of marble halls to us.

December opened hard, with fine frosty weather and occasional peeps of wintry sun; and Molly and me and Kit used to take walks over the ice-bound fields; and we made a slide on the pond like a parcel of children, and slid there afterwards till Kit would order us all back to our jobs! The evenings never seemed long to us neither, for Kit's brain was a perfect mine of information, and he would tell us history from Adam up, and all about Mary Queen of Scots, and Bothwell, and Louey the Nineteenth, and the Man with the Iron Mask! I bore in too, with reefs and palms and China pirates, and the kings I had hobnobbed with in the South Seas, and how we was druv below in the Moora and blew up the ship—and all the strange things that had come to a man who had followed the sea for twenty years, and has taken his life in his hands many a time and often. There wasn't much of the wide world that I haven't sailed over, nor things I hadn't done or tried to do in the time I put in before the mast and after; and it often seemed kind of strange, and brought me up with a round turn, to think that I was here in Thompson's place, safe and sound, with all that wack and ruin behind me.

Well, somewheres along near Christmas—the 23rd December, to be exact, and the time evening and late, with the snow drifting down outside like it'd never stop—Kit was performing one of his wildest feats of imagination, and holding me and Molly spellbound in the holler of his hand. We were all aboard the *Constitution*, Continental frigate, Captain Kit;

and my, but things had been faring hard with us! It was blowing great guns, and we embayed off the Irish coast, driving steady on an iron lee-shore. Captain Kit he was handling her magnificent, but the elements was against him, and we was less than holding our own. The boats had all been swept away, and we had just been having a hell of a time with a carronade breaking loose—when Kit orders me to let the prisoners up from the hold (we had hundreds and hundreds of them we had taken off the *Shannon* and the *Temeraire* in the fight of the day before). "Lieutenant Mygatt," says he, "they are brave men, even if they are our foemen, and they shall have the same chance for their lives as we for ours!" "Is it as bad as that, Captain Kit?" says I, presuming on our old friendship and the imminence of death. "Lieutenant," says he, stopping in his little walk up and down the room, "shake hands, for it's maybe for the last time!" Then he ordered me forward to prepare to club-haul the ship on the starboard tack. Well, the bosun had just cut away the anchor, and the cable was running out in a streak of fire, and I was standing by with my axe raised, looking for Captain Kit to put up his hand (which was the signal for me to let fly)—and we were all keyed up tremendous, almost feeling the salt water in our faces, and seeing the rocks like they was real—when there came a loud rat-a-tat-tat at the door!

(To be concluded.)



Me working at the "Santa Maria."

chance is to be an intellectual six-footer—to succeed by brain power alone—and not having any hands, so to speak—to win a place with my head!" He would wag it at me as he spoke, very solemn, and tell me all the great things little men had done in the world! He hadn't no use for historical personages over five feet. The smaller they was the better he liked them.

"I'm playing a big game, Dan," says he. "I'm fighting against a handicap that might well make another feller lie down and give it up. But the day will come—mark my words, Dan—when I'll pay you back in thousand-dollar bills!"

"Then you won't, Kit," says I, very hearty.

Then he rocked in his little chair and thought about it.

"No, you're right, Dan," says he. (He only called me Dad in public, so as not to make people stare.) "For a million dollars couldn't repay what I owe you—nor all the treasures of Colossus. Kindness and love and noble hearts have no price," he says, "and nothing I could do would ever make it even between you and me!"

"Thank you all the same, Kit, for kind intentions," says I.

"Don't mention it, Dan," says he, like he had the thousand-dollar bills in his pocket. And he rocked and rocked very silent all the evening.

THE VOYAGE TO INDIA: CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS ON A P. AND O. LINER



1. POLITENESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

2. SILHOUETTES AT SUNRISE.

3. THE SHIP'S GRAMOPHONE TAKES THE PLACE OF THE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

4. THE CAPTAIN AND THE CHILDREN.

5. A RUNNING ESCORT AT ADEN.

6. THE WINNER OF THE PILLOW-FIGHT.

7. THE BARKEN ROCKS OF ADEN: THE ENTRANCE TO THE CRATER.

8. PHYSICAL CULTURE BEFORE BREAKFAST.

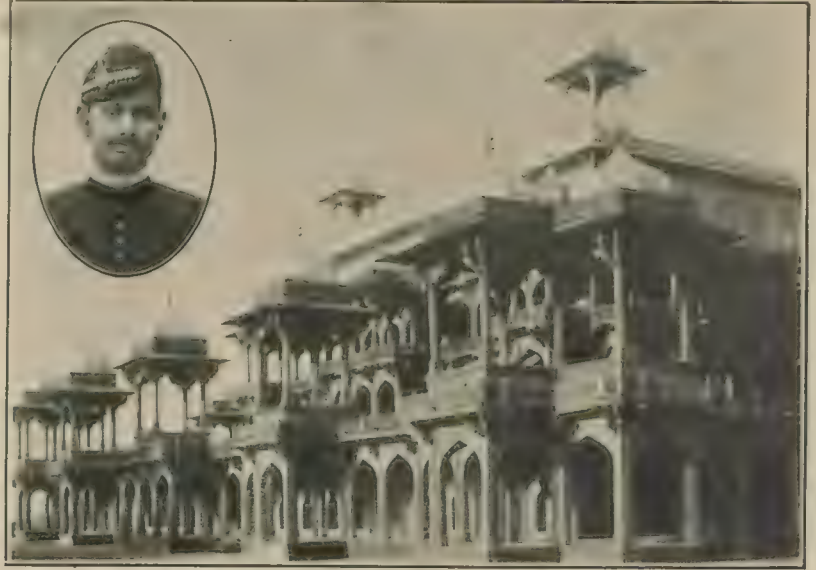
THE PRINCE SEES THE "DREAM IN MARBLE" AT AGRA, AND THE CITY OF GWALIOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNSON AND HOFEMANN, BOURNE AND SHEPHERD, AND DR. RUTIER.

THE MAHARAJAH OF KOTAH



THE SAMAN BURJ, OR JASMINE TOWER, AT AGRA.



THE UPPER STOREYS OF AKBAR'S TOMB, AGRA.

Akbar, the great, at the Mausoleum, is buried in a wonderful pavilion six miles from Agra. In the upper storeys of the tomb, which is a masterpiece of architecture, is a pillared court open to the sky, but Akbar's remains rest in the basement.



THE TOMB OF ITIMAD-UD-DAULA AT AGRA.



THE "DREAM IN MARBLE": THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

The Taj, the most beautiful mausoleum in the world, was erected by Shah Jehan over the remains of his favourite wife, who died in 1629. It is in marble, with Italian fresco decoration, and is a veritable poem in stone.



GWALIOR: THE FORT AND CITY FROM THE RAMPARTS.

Gwalior, sixty-four miles south by east of Agra, is the ancient seat of Jain worship. It is noted for its strong fortress, crowning a rock 342 ft. high. From 1858 to 1885 it was in the hands of the British.



BRAHMIN TEMPLE IN THE FORT, GWALIOR.

WARLIKE BEGINNINGS OF A DRAWING-ROOM TOY: THE MEDIEVAL MAGIC LANTERN.

DRAWN BY A. FORSTIER



SCARING SENTINELS WITH A DIABOLICAL APPARITION.

Necromancers in the Middle Ages used to terrify their dupes with an instrument which was the forerunner of the magic lantern, and the same device was sometimes used in warfare to terrify sentinels. In the more elaborate lanterns used by the necromancers there was a focussing appliance by which the picture on which the eyes of the spectators behind the screen fancied the demons were rushing towards them. There is some evidence of the instrument having been used in the 14th century.

LADIES' PAGE.

Baroness Bertha von Suttner, who, as stated in this Journal last week, has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize of £8000, is an illustration of the fact that for women of exceptional attainments and talents it is possible from the literary side of activity to influence public affairs; for it was her book, "Lay Down Your Arms," that worked upon the mind of the Tsar—doomed himself to be later the nominal cause and centre of such terribly official severity—to make his great and brave attempt to promote international peace by the Hague Conference. The Baroness von Suttner was twice widowed by war, and after the battle of Königgrätz sought her husband's dead body upon the battle-field, witnessing there such scenes of horror as to drive her for a time actually delirious. Her second husband was killed during the Franco-German War. Truly she has, then, to paraphrase Shelley, "learned in suffering what she told in story." No doubt she will apply the bulk of her Nobel Prize—the great sum so strangely set apart for the promotion of peace ideas by the last will of a man who had gained his millions by providing a new and awful means of making warfare deadly—to the wider and cheaper dissemination of her book.

It is not often, probably, that three members of the order of Baronets marry on the same date, an incident which occurred on the 12th inst. Two of the bridegrooms are, moreover, in the Guards—Sir Ralph Wilson a Captain in the Coldstreams, and Sir Morgan Crofton in the 2nd Life Guards. The third wedding was that of Sir Duncan Hay. The brides' gowns all sound alike, though of course the designs were very diverse; but they all wore white satin embroidered in silver and trimmed with lace. The new Lady Crofton had the prettiest dress, where all were charming: this one was the now most popular Princess cut, draped with silver tissue on which pearl lilies were embroidered, and having the old point lace that trimmed the train caught on with true lovers' knots in silver embroidery. The bridesmaids' gowns in the Hay-Houston wedding were charming and original: they were of white satin, finished with natty little capes on the shoulders, lined and edged with cherry-coloured chiffon velours, and the three-corned Marquise hats of white felt were trimmed with long feathers.

Opera-cloaks are at this season of more importance than gowns to wear in the draughty stalls of many theatres. In this cold weather one must keep one's wrap on all the time in some theatres if one is at all sensitive to chills. Really the sensible course is to have a smart but high theatre-bodice, as is always done in France, but as we many of us do not possess the right thing, and wish to go to the theatre in our ordinary evening bodices, the cloak that can protect us when the doors are opened is of consequence. The Empire design for an opera-cloak is one of the best: it can be satin or velvet, and the top or bodice part of it can be a mass of lace, or else covered with chenille or other heavy and handsome embroideries. Pale-coloured cloth coats are often used for evening wear by people who do not want to be especially smart: these are

plainest of black evening dresses is sufficient in winter at the theatre. For winter use, a fur trimming is excellent, and it can be arranged so as to be easily removed for the warm evenings. It can be, for instance, put on in the form of a stole, passing round the shoulders, and having ends falling down the front; this, if it be lined independently of the cloak, is readily taken off and replaced by a scarf of lace or chiffon later on in the year. This use of fur, so expensive a trimming, of course implies that the material chosen shall be such as is suitable to allow the cloak to be worn in the carriage too, except in the case of women of large means. A black chiffon velours long coat trimmed with a hood and stole ends of chinchilla, or a dark-green velvet, with mink bands and cape collar, would be quite suitable for travelling from the suburbs to the theatre by train, or for a cab-drive to an afternoon reception. Lace is so excellently imitated nowadays that it is possible to have a good appearance made with this aid at no great cost; but a real lace collar is always worth buying, and the heavy Irish crochet is not very costly and is very lasting, so that its purchase may be recommended; and this used as a yoke, or a falling collar, on a ruby or an emerald-green, or an emerald-purple velvet or even velveteen long coat, makes a richly-graceful opera-coat. The lining is always of considerable importance, as it is seen at the theatre when the wrap is put off, and it ought to be a light brocade or satin, in the interests both of appearances and of the frock over which it is to be worn, so that the most careful cleanliness may be observed. To have a dark outside fabric is useful, but the lining ought to be light to show up the smallest soiling of the surface, so that it can be taken out and sent to receive the cleaner's kind attention, and not be unconsciously donned in a condition to damage the gown from some accident. Coats are still usually preferred for opera-mantles, but a cloak is more convenient to put off and on, and the less likely to crush the dress and its dainty trimmings, its ruches, flowers, and laces; and the cloak is therefore to be commended, and is much patronised, notwithstanding the present greater vogue of the sleeved garment.

It is really a pleasure to see the tailor-made gowns so sensible, free from exaggeration, and useful as they are this season. The coat-sleeve is just snugly fitted in at the shoulder, but the outline of the arm is plainly and straightforwardly followed. The coat generally fits to the figure at the back, at any rate, even where the front is either pouched or hangs loose. Double-breasted coats with a set of smart buttons trimming them down

in two lines and a neat collar of velvet, fitting closely at the back and over the hips, but falling straight and loose down the front there, are much the same as you may have had made any time this last ten years; and, really, how sensible that is, and how desirable! Dainty neckwear finishes off these rather stern but pre-eminently stylish tailor-made gowns. There never was a greater choice of cravats, vests, and ties. A sling-tie of fur is necessary most days now for outdoor wear, but when this is put off in paying a visit, or even in a warm church or hall, the pleated or flat rabat-tie of lace or ribbon is wanted to give feminine elegance to the appearance. Naturally, many of the tailor-made gowns are finished off with braiding on the bosom or edging down the sides of a coat. A white vest, very narrow, and decorated with some rich-coloured passementerie or braided down in three or four lines, is much in favour with any coloured material. Strappings of the cloth laid on and stitched down from shoulder to waist, or following the edge of the outline of the coat, form another much-used simple form of decoration. But the less "done up" and decorated the tailor-made gown is kept, and the more it is distinctive and set apart for its own special usefulness, the greater becomes the contrast between it and the "dressy" gown for afternoon wear, and, on the whole, the more satisfaction one gets out of the tailor-built toilette—at least, so I find.

The fabrics of the "dressy" afternoon gown and of the tailor-made proper frequently do not much differ; it is chiefly in the style and the degree and character of the decoration that the distinction comes. For a real "knock-about" one chooses a Scotch homespun or an Irish tweed—everlasting wear, but decidedly heavy to carry, unless made with the shortness and scantiness that seem appropriate to the country lanes alone. But for walking in town, a face-cloth or a fancy mixture, or, above all fashionable at the moment, a plaid woollen material, becomes a strictly useful gown or a more elaborate visiting one chiefly by the details of its construction. A plaid skirt cut on the cross, much kilted either into a hip-yoke or direct

into the waist, with a short velvet coat of harmonising colour—watercress or olive-green, with a blue-and-green plaid, ruby velvet with a red-and-white plaid, and so on—expresses one form of Parisian *chic* at the moment. Another way of completing the plaid skirt is to make it as a corselet—that is, with the skirt continued on for some six inches above the waist, shaped in to the waist like a "Princess" gown, but cut off short under the bust—and over this, to wear a loose-edged little velvet Empire coat, with the sleeves almost tight-fitting, and the yoke part also well fitted; but the lower portion, that which occupies the position between the edge of the yoke and the top of the corselet, may



A HANDSOME OPERA-COAT.

An evening wrap in coloured broché velvet, with lace yoke and stole ends, and ermine shoulder, collar, and sleeve edging.

be left plainly loose or pleated in a succession of kilts to fall over the corselet with graceful fullness.

Of the making of chocolates, as of books, there is no end, and the wave of temperance that is now so noticeable in its effects has undoubtedly been partly produced by the excellence of the cocoas and chocolates offered to the public. Both for preparing the popular beverage and for eating, Cailler's Milk-Chocolate is a nice confection, pleasing alike to the juvenile and adult taste, and extremely nutritious, while analysis discloses a purity that adds materially to its nutritive properties. A sweetmeat that can justify claims of this sort is, of course, particularly suitable for children, and its portability, added to its general all-round excellence, recommend it for the pantomime and theatre. Messrs. Cailler have just introduced a new confection, known as "No. 1001." It is not quite so sweet as the ordinary milk-chocolate, but is equally delicious and nutritious.

Hard water, by which is meant one that contains dissolved in it a considerable quantity of lime, is always difficult to use for cleansing purposes, as the soap cannot dissolve, and forms a scum on the surface, which itself sticks to and in the clothes instead of carrying off of them the dirt in a dissolved condition. Especially at sea has this trouble been experienced, and yachtsmen and travellers at large will be delighted to learn that a remedy for the difficulty has been discovered. "Sapon, Limited," claim to have at length solved the problem, and to have made laundry work at sea a simple, every-day matter of routine. Their new soap-powder, hitherto unknown, is of a cleansing value in sea-water equal to that of ordinary soap in town's water, and it is used in precisely the same manner. When linen is washed with the best "marine soap" now obtainable, a certain amount of the soap is rendered insoluble and cannot be removed by rinsing or similar means, so that the linen cannot be starched or got up in a satisfactory manner. With the new soap-powder, on the contrary, owing to its perfect solubility, every trace of it is removed in rinsing, and the linen is then ready to be starched in the usual manner. The powder will probably be called "The Victory."

Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Limited, Ludgate Hill, are making a very pretty show with their little fancy suits for children, and the various styles shown in the windows prove that this firm still holds first place as makers of outfits for young people. All the styles displayed are exceedingly attractive and original.

FILOMENA.

A DEMI-TOILETTE DRESS.

A useful and graceful gown suitable for afternoon or quiet dinner wear. It is in white mousseline-de-soie with trimmings of lace.

not so splendidly finished off, and are fit for carriage use also in the day time. But, after all, as a distinctive evening cloak is a garment that does not change fashion very soon, it is poor economy not to have a special one for this purpose.

Velvet or a dark satin are excellent for the purpose; a real lace collar should be added, if possible, and some sparkling trimming used, and under that the

'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!'

'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.'—CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.

—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. 'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.'—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!'—CARLYLE.

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'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius. Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt' as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCIT.

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O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. 'He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.'—STERNE.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Gore, who has been working very hard during the autumn, has arranged to take the greater part of January as a holiday. The Bishop of London also contrives to have a fortnight's rest at the turn of the year.

The western entrance of Winchester Cathedral has been closed by order of the Dean and Chapter, as the danger to the pinnacles of the West Front has become acute. Not long ago, a large fragment of one of the

pinnacles fell near the west door, and safety-screens are to be erected. The Caen stone pinnacles which were added about the middle of the last century to Bishop Edington's uncompleted front have weathered very badly, and will have to be renewed almost throughout.

A monument to the memory of Sir John Stainer has been placed on the east wall of the ante-chapel at Magdalen College, Oxford. It is the gift of Lady Stainer, and consists of a mural tablet of brass framed in alabaster. There is a Latin inscription, recalling Sir John

Stainer's academic distinctions, his connection with the College, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the University of Oxford.

The Bishop of Liverpool has reminded his clergy that they are in duty bound to hold evening service on Christmas Day. The custom has for years been slipping into disuse, and a bright carol service in the afternoon usually replaces the formal evensong. Dr. Chavasse would probably be satisfied with this afternoon gathering for praise, if the order for evening prayer were included. He says that his experience in Lancashire, London, and Oxford has shown him that even in the poorest parishes there are not a few lonely people who are glad to attend a service on the evening of Christmas Day.

The Bishop of London last week inducted the Rev. Richard Free, late of St. Cuthbert's, Millwall, to the Vicarage of St. Clement's, Fulham Palace Road. He spoke with warm approval of the work done by Mr. Free in the Isle of Dogs, and expressed the belief that in the great parish of St. Clement's he would also win the affection of his people.

The Australian correspondent of the *Guardian* mentions that the Bishop



Photo, Clement.

TO COMMEMORATE THE BALLOON POST OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

This monument, commemorating the aéronauts who formed the only link between Paris and the outer world during the siege of 1870-71, is shortly to be inaugurated near the Porte des Terres in Paris. It is the last work of the late M. Bartholdi, the sculptor of "Liberty" at New York Harbour.

of New Guinea is suffering from bronchial asthma. He was much distressed by the wreck of his mission steam-launch, and it is thought that this trouble has contributed to the breakdown of his health.

The Archdeacon of Lahore, the Ven. H. J. Spence Gray, has been obliged to leave India on account of ill-health. The Rev. C. H. Gillmore has been appointed acting Archdeacon.

V.



Photo, Topical.

COPENHAGEN TO PARIS IN A CANVAS BOAT.

A. M. Nordin has just accomplished the voyage from Copenhagen to Paris in a canvas boat. He travelled by rivers and canals, and slept in his canoe. He is a strict vegetarian. Our photograph shows his arrival at Creil.

Mappin & Webb

AND

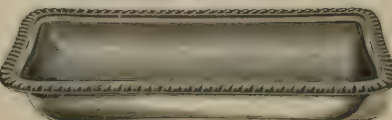
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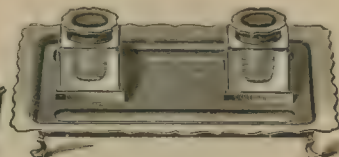
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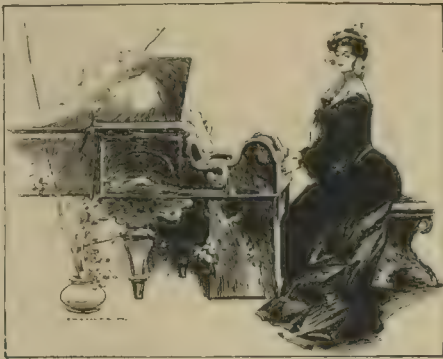


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This has only been made possible through the artistes recognising that the Metrostyle Pianola afforded them the opportunity of having their performances placed on record for all time, and consequently they have marked the music-rolls with an expression line, certifying on each roll that the line, when followed with the Metrostyle pointer, gives a facsimile of their interpretation.

There is not sufficient space to explain in detail how this is done, but a visit to Æolian Hall will suffice to prove that anyone can play a composition in his own home as a great pianist has rendered it.

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D.S.F.

One hundred and eighty years ago, when George the First was on the throne and the British Empire still included the American Colonies, a Mrs. Clements of Durham first made Mustard in its present form. While the virtues of "the grain of Mustard seed" had long been known both to the ancients and to the Britisher of "the good old times," who carried the seeds in his waistcoat pocket (like the Scotchman used to do his snuff) and ate them as occasion required, it was left to this good lady to conceive the idea of separating the husk from the yellow kernel, and in a primitive mortar she pulverized the latter into flour. Like most good things, the preparation soon became popular with the King and his subjects, and "Durham Mustard" was the name it went by in those days.

In due course Mrs. Clements died, but her work remained, and the inheritance ultimately passed into the hands of the Ainsleys of Durham, in time to be merged by purchase into the great house at Norwich, the Centenary of whose business has just been celebrated, and the superior merit of whose product had then become absolutely world-wide. The quality of Mustard had been gradually improved by the founder of that business, Mr. Jeremiah Colman, who succeeded in achieving the then difficult task of removing more of the husk of the seed and the coarser particles of the flour. The resultant product he called "Fine." Later on, still more husk was removed and still more of the coarser portion sifted out, leaving "Superfine" as the reward. Lastly, in the Victorian era, by a special process aided by silk gauze with thousands of meshes to the square inch, a hitherto insuperable difficulty was overcome in the removal of practically the remaining portion of the husk, and thus the most finished product of all was reached, which being finer and of so much higher quality than Superfine, was designated "Double Super Fine," the initials of which D.S.F. are the appellation of best Mustard, and any curiosity which those letters or the heading of this article may have aroused is allayed by this information. This, in short, is an account of the scientific evolution towards perfection that finds its ne plus ultra in Colman's D.S.F. Mustard of to-day, a term which must not be taken as applicable to all brands so designated.

And where does the Mustard seed come from? It is the product of alluvial soils, and is grown in the Fen districts of Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk and Essex, and on Yorkshire lands adjacent to the Humber. When in July the plant is in full flower, it is a beautiful sight to see great waving billows of resplendent yellow decorating the flat fen-lands, and is well worth a visit by any tourist, while contrary to what might be expected, the air is laden with a delicately fragrant perfume. Although there are two kinds of Mustard seed—the brown and the white—yet both have yellow bloom, and the flour that is made from each is yellow. The chemical properties are, however, different, and it is from a wise admixture and a scientific blending of the flour of the two seeds that the D.S.F. Mustard is made. This D.S.F. Mustard not only promotes digestion as no other Condiment does, but is the cheapest and therefore justly the most universal of all Condiments. What curry does to the Anglo-Indian with his liver troubles—the result of climatic exposure—the Englishman can rely upon this high-class D.S.F. Mustard to do for him.

It will be understood that not only is there a difference in the quality of the seed raised, but also that great skill is required in the correct blending of the two flours. It will be equally apparent that only such a house as Colman's can have the necessary experience required to secure the best and the most perfect for their product. Moreover, their reputation would not allow the use of any other, for their D.S.F. is more than a trade description—it is the concentrated experience of a hundred years.

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new-fangled illustrations on animals, and Messrs. Dean and Son excellently cater to the taste of the "Kings of the Forest," each illustration by Stanley Berkeley having a story of its subject by A. E. Bonsor. Less ambitious in scope, but full of good matter, is Ward, Lock and Co.'s "Wonder Book," Messrs. Blackie are also to be congratulated on their "Fables and Talks about Animals," "A Hunting Alphabet" with excellent illustrations by E. Kate Westrup; Mr. John Hassall gives his own original and humorous renderings of "Old Nursery Stories and Rhymes"; while an attempt to combine instruction and instruction is entitled "Round the World in Eighty Days," by Ascott R. Hope. In "The Little Folks' Picture-Book," (Ward, Lock and Co.), S. H. Hamer blends very pleasantly the old and the new, and from the same publishers come "My Little Book," which tells of quite tiny children; "Tiny Tales," "Archibald's Amazing Adventure," by Harry Rountree; "The Little Folks' Picture-Book," by S. H. Hamer; and "Our Picture-Book." Messrs. T. and E. C. Jack publish a dainty edition of "Stories from the Life of Christ," selected by Janet Harvey Kelman, with pictures by E. D. Bedford; and, in the same "Told to the Children" Series, "Old Testament Stories" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, of course, are selections from the famous book, particularly the illustrations, by A. S. Forrest, in this last volume.

SWIFT PHOTOGRAPHY.

The most successful of instantaneous cameras is without doubt the Goerz-Anschutz, made by C. P. Goerz, 1-6, Holborn Circus. With this maker's focal plane shutter an extraordinary rapidity of exposure is possible, and the position of the lens permits the lens to yield its full intensity of lighting. The accompanying block of a leaping figure proves how sharply and brilliantly this camera can record even the most rapid movements. The Goerz-Anschutz camera may also be had with special adaptations for telephoto work, and with an ingenious extension for long focus. To those in doubt as to what camera they should acquire there is but one advice—"Buy Goerz-Anschutz." The instrument, a folding one, is compact and portable.

If the Christmas pudding is made at home, Messrs. Bird's Egg Powder will be found invaluable. The other productions of that well-known firm—Bird's Custard Powder, Bird's Blanc-Mange Powder, and Bird's Crystal Jelly Powder—place it within the power of the most modest resources to increase the attractions of the Christmas table.



A FLYING LEAP.

Taken with the Goerz-Anschutz Folding Camera.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 2, 1905) of SIR ROBERT GUNTER, M.P., of Wetherby Grange, Eaton Square, who died on Sept. 18, was proved on Dec. 9 by George Gunter Gunter, the son, Joseph Spencer Benyon, John Wormald, and Morton James Baring Tomlin, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £648,622. The testator settles the Gunter estate in Kensington, Chelsea, Fulham, and Yorkshire on his son Robert Benyon Nevill, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male, but charged with the payment of £2000 per annum to his wife, Dame Jane Gunter, £3000 per annum to his son George, and £300 per annum to his daughter Ursula, should she be a spinster on the decease of her mother. Among other legacies he gives £1000, the wines and stores, and during her widowhood the use of his residences in London and Wetherby, with the furniture, etc., to his wife; £5000 to his son George, and £35,000, in trust, for him and his issue; and £5000 towards the payment of the Estate Duties. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves among his wife and children. He states that he has already made provision for his daughters.

The will (dated May 9, 1901), with two codicils, of Mr. LEVI COHEN, of 54, Queen's Gate, and 2, Grand Avenue Mansions, Hove, and of the Stock Exchange, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on Dec. 12 by Arthur Cohen, the son, Eugene Pinto, and Herbert Sidney Woolf, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £174,492. The testator gives the household furniture, etc., at Hove, to his daughter Mrs. Catherine Pinto, and a sum of £35,000 is to be held in trust for her and her children; £100 each to the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund, the Jewish Board of Guardians, and the West London Synagogue, and legacies to clerks and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of "Louis Wain's Annual for 1905," which the artist has had the honour of submitting to her Majesty.

At the annual dinner of "The Furniture Trades Provident and Benevolent Association," held at the Hôtel Cecil on Dec. 16, the Dean of Norwich described himself as "the best begging Dean in England." On that occasion, Dr. Lefroy certainly begged to some purpose, for before the large company separated it was announced that donations had been promised to the amount of nearly £800. For so young an institution much good work has already been done, but £20,000 is required

BENSON'S

Have **BOUGHT** for **CASH** all the

SUPERB STOCK OF A WEST-END MANUFACTURER

£100,000

ALL PLAINLY MARKED.

A QUARTER TO HALF OFF

ORIGINAL PRICES.

"Just in time for the seasonable needs, Messrs. Benson bought the whole stock of Mr. W. Tripp, the well-known diamond mounter of Percy Street, and as this was valued at £100,000 the transaction was one of the most important of the season. Thanks to the sale, the prices of the goods that were made, it is estimated, at 25 to 50 per cent. below the original retail prices for such fine jewels, and as the sale was held in a room where were in the habit of enhancing the attractions of their own stock by showing Mr. Tripp's craftsmanship on approval, it will be judged that all is of the very latest fashion, and thoroughly well designed and made."

Friday Telegraph, Dec. 5, 1905

"The Times"
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4d. per tablet in United Kingdom.

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MONTE CARLO, NICE, and the RIVIERA.

Those in search of Sunshine and Balmy Air amid Flowers and Tropical Foliage will find them in less than 24 hours from London, for nowadays the journey to the Riviera is accomplished with at least as much ease and comfort as is a trip to our own South Coast.

The train leaves Victoria at 11 o'clock in the morning. Dover is reached before 1, and on the new Turbine Steamer one lands at Calais well before 2 p.m. One can leisurely walk through the Customs with any hand baggage. There is no examination of registered luggage, no rush for a meal in the Buffet, and no scramble to obtain seats, for your places have already been reserved for you from the Cockspur Street Offices of the Sleeping Car Company.

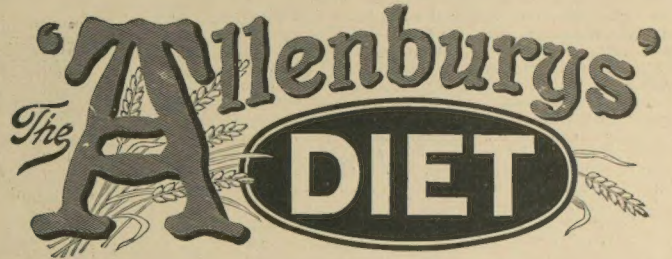
One finds that the daily Calais-Mediterranean Express is composed of a Restaurant Car, a Baggage Car, and three or four Boudoir Sleeping Cars, all of a new type, with separate state-rooms artistically furnished and decorated, warmed, lighted by electricity, and each provided with lavatories with hot and cold water. Heavy luggage has already been placed in the Baggage Car, and the courteous French Customs officers, who travel with the train, examine en route. By this time one has sat down to Luncheon. Dinner is served at 7 o'clock. On telling your polyglot conductor that you desire to retire, he will quickly arrange your Sleeping Compartment.

The next morning, on finding the sun struggling to get through the blinds of your compartment, you will be up, and from the windows of the Restaurant Car, in which you are taking "Petit Dejeuner," you will enjoy the loveliest scenery in the World—the Sun-lit Mediterranean. Perfect meals are served, and the sleeping accommodation is very comfortable. If your destination be Nice, you arrive not fatigued but refreshed, at 10.32 a.m., or Monte Carlo at 11.18 a.m., so that you may be taking your déjeuner on the terrace of the Riviera Palace Hotel, bathed in sunlight and the perfume of flowers, in about 24 hours after leaving the fogs of London.

The wonder is that many more of those who pass their Winter apostrophising our British climate do not take advantage of the present facilities and comparative cheapness of travel.

The INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR COMPANY, 20, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, where tickets by the Calais-Mediterranean Express must be taken in advance, will be happy to furnish, free of charge, all information required and a copy of the Company's Journal-Guide, "The Traveller de Luxe." They will reserve compartments, cabins on Turbine Steamers, and will have rooms prepared for visitors at the Riviera Palace at Nice and at the Riviera Palace at Monte Carlo.

A complete milk and farinaceous Food,
easy of digestion, most agreeable to take,
simply and quickly made.



This Diet is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, &c., and is particularly adapted to the needs of DYSPEPTICS, INVALIDS, and the AGED. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

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Although the "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the well-known "Allenburys" Foods for Infants, yet it is also of great value as a restorative food for young children, especially during convalescence.

In Tins at 1/6 and 3/- each, of Chemists, &c.
A large sample posted on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

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A Disease Destroyer.
A Safeguard in the Sickroom.
A Perfect Soap Powder.
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For Scrubbing Floors, Paint-
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Household Cleaning.
Cleans and disinfects at the
same time.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.
The name LEVER on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.



to place its charitable schemes on a sound footing. It was stated by Mr. S. J. Waring, the president, that the objects of the association were the provision (1) of homes for aged workmen and their widows; (2) cottage homes for the nurture and education of orphans, and (3) convalescent homes. The council decided to proceed with the second first, and two amply-equipped cottage homes have accordingly been erected at Radlett. In addition there is the benevolent fund, from which pensions have already been bestowed on several aged and infirm members of the trade. Mr. Waring expressed regret that the great wholesale firms, controlled by men of large fortune, had kept aloof, but did not despair of ultimately enlisting their sympathy and help. A comprehensive variety programme was provided by Miss Lucy France, Mr. H. Ivatts, Mr. Wilson Martell, Mr. F. Wildon, Mr. S. Masters, Mr. Arthur Hill, Mr. F. Rome, and the Furniture Trades Musical Society.

With the new ballet, "Parisiana," and other attractions, the Alhambra Theatre just now provides an excellent evening's entertainment. The Frank Urban Biograph is as popular as ever, and always up-to-date. The very latest series of pictures entitled "What is Whisky?" and obtained by the courtesy of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Ltd., represents the various processes which the whisky undergoes at the firm's distilleries away in the Highlands at Aberfeldy, and the handling of entire train-loads at the bonded warehouses at Perth.

Sir William Treloar makes his annual appeal for his Little Cripples' Christmas Hamper Fund, that excellent

institution which provides so many poor and ailing children with a box of good cheer. There are, of course, funds innumerable claiming our generosity at this time of year, but this one has a very strong claim on our sympathy. Subscriptions should be addressed to Sir William Treloar, 69, Ludgate Hill, E.C., and will be gratefully acknowledged.

The skilful shaver will find his dexterity reinforced by the Wilkinson Razor. This instrument is made of the finest sword-steel, ground and finished by a patented process, and at all stages of manufacture is submitted to such tests that each razor is warranted perfect. The Wilkinson Razor is absolutely full hollow-ground, not partially, as is the case with most razors now sold as hollow-ground. For less skilful shavers, the Wilkinson Company, 27, Pall Mall, provide comfort with their Safety Razor, which cannot cut the face. Its usefulness and handiness is further increased by the ingenious Stropping Machine.

Many claims are made for fountain-pens; but there is no doubt that of the fountain-pens a very popular one is that known as Waterman's Ideal. Last year, 1905, 750,000 of these pens were sold, and since the original patent was taken out by L. E. Waterman, the annual sale has almost doubled every year.

The labour and time expended in making the old-time Christmas plum-pudding is undoubtedly a source of considerable anxiety to the housewife. This difficulty, however, is now completely obviated by Messrs. Apin and Barrett, Limited, Yeovil, who have for many years past placed on the market at this time of the

year, in an extremely neat and attractive form, a Christmas plum-pudding. The puddings are made from ingredients that have been selected with the utmost care, and they are in various sizes, costing 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 6s.

Probably as daintily placed a series of tiny gems of curiosity and manufacture as is to be bought now may be found in the Christmas cosques turned out by the firm of Brock, of the Crystal Palace, whose works at Sutton in Surrey now include a flourishing bonbon industry, the success of which is ascribed to the fact of there being something of actual value and novelty in every single cosaque. The more noticeable things in a bewildering plentitude of richly-coloured and bedraped cosques are hard to select.

The Serpentine Swimming Club's Christmas Day race, which was instituted forty-one years ago, will take place this year as usual. The distance is about one hundred yards, and the swimmers enter the water about 7.45 a.m. The Oxo Company have arranged to send an attendant and special outfit to provide hot Oxo free of charge to all competitors.

Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son announce that there will be special excursions from London for the Christmas and New Year holidays to the usual places in the Midland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Lake, and the North and South Staffordshire districts; also to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the North of Scotland, and Dublin, Belfast, and all parts of Ireland; as well as to Paris, Brussels, and the Riviera.

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CUTICURA SOAP, OINTMENT AND PILLS CLEANSE THE SKIN AND BLOOD OF TORTURING HUMOURS.

The agonising itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scald-head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk-crust, tetter and salt-rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven by the testimony of the civilised world.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

The Most Efficacious
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It is sold by all Chemists in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.
See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

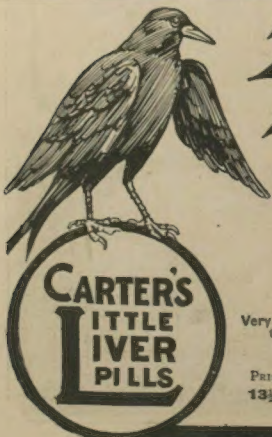
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4d. Bar for 3d.

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7/10^{ths} of ALL

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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For TORPID LIVER,
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For SALLOW SKIN,
For the COMPLEXION.

Very small, and easy to take as sugar.

Genuine must have signature

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Purely Vegetable.

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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

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DIGESTIVE INVIGORATING TONIC STIMULATING

Refuse all substitutes.
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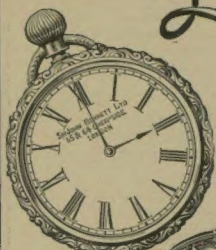
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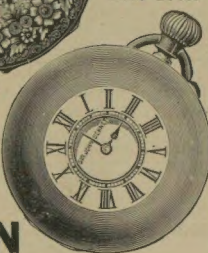
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Mild climate and sub-tropical vegetation (palms, &c.). Unique as a Winter Cure for Rheumatism and Gout, Neurasthenia, Diseases of the Respiratory Organs, Anæmia, Chlorosis, &c. The Waters (sulphurous, sodic) are celebrated for their marvellous curative properties, and the Baths (connected on every floor with the hotels) are perfectly installed. For Illustrated Brochure in English apply to KIECHLE BROS., Vernet-les-Bains, Pyr. Or., France.

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An Exquisite Damp-proof and Preservative Polish for box calf, glacé kid, all boots. Odourless. No hard brushing required, it is so easy. Dainty Sample Free. 2d., 4d., 6d. Tins. Splendid Complete OUTFIT. Is. Grocers, Bootmakers, &c.

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WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



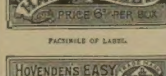
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